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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The Nelson Despatches. Vol. III. Colburn.
IN last *Gazette* we briefly noticed the issue and nature of this volume; and observed that it discussed the most glorious and the most painful acts of Lord Nelson's life. The latter, the hurried trial and ignominious execution of the aged Caraccioli, extenuate it how we may, and refute how we may the false exaggerations which have been attached to the actual tragedy, must ever be a subject of regret to the admirers of the heroic seaman, and the lovers of our national character. We care not for straw-splitting niceties or legal refinements about the law of nations; or whether armistice or capitulation put the prisoners in the power of their enemies; or whether the terms of surrender were authorised, or their execution more or less advanced; or even whether the captive were a guilty Jacobin or forced to do as he did: but we wish to heaven that Nelson had preferred the magnanimous and pitying to the revengeful and sanguinary course. The political affairs of Naples and Sicily would not have suffered injury; and he would not only have spared a distressing question, but stood out in all the splendour of those virtues which best adorn a conqueror—CLEMENCY and MERCY!

That Nelson was one of the greatest naval leaders for English sailors that ever existed, and rendered prodigious services to his country and the civilised world, need not now be asserted; but whether he was altogether a truly great man is another consideration. History presents us with few victorious warriors to whom that proud distinction can be awarded,

"From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;" yet they are the darlings of fame, and

"Contumelious, beastly, mad-brained war" hands down its names to honour; whilst are rarely or never mentioned the cultivators of "poor mangled peace, dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births."

As Sir Sidney Smith was exalted by his mission to the East (an appointment which gave much offence to Nelson, as is seen from many letters in this volume), so does Nelson himself appear to have been inflamed almost above humanity by the immortal battle of the Nile, and absorbed by his subsequent relations with the royal family and court of Naples. Here was his mission; to serve them and restore their dominions his paramount duty, his business in life. In their cause he disobeyed the orders of his commander, Lord Keith, braved dismissal, and risked the invasion of Ireland. His reasons and his policy might be right, and his gallant career carried him through; but in short, his devotedness could hardly be called otherwise than infatuation with a single object. Wiser heads than Nelson's have been turned by less moving circumstances and influences;

* For example, that Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson rowed round the vessel where Caraccioli was hanged; which is proved to be what the brave and intelligent Sir F. Augustus Collier (who was on board Nelson's ship at the time) has denounced it to be, a "— lie," softened into "an arrant falsehood," by Sir H. Nicolas, p. 522. The same applies to the heartless conversation between the same parties, reported to have taken place on deck previous to this

and errors of judgment are but too likely to happen where there are mighty exultation, unquenchable ambition, a new sphere, the seductions of beauty, the flattery of greatness, a weak state of health, and a degree of excitement, each alone enough to overturn the strongest understanding.

What error leads must err: and Nelson was but a man. Let us remember his noble qualities, his patriotism, his devotedness, his firmness, his incorruptibility; and forget the vanity which was but mortal, and the one blot, during a heated and feverish moment of mistaken principle, which has been so assiduously coloured to depreciate his otherwise matchless merits.

But, brought up to his profession from mere boyhood, and without sound education, have we a right to ask perfection in every difficulty into which he was thrown? It was wonderful what he did; and tending to the catastrophe, to which these remarks refer, we should consider what was the master-sentiment indelibly implanted in his youthful breast, nourished with his years, and strengthened with his strength. It was intense hatred of the French, the enemies of his country, and at that season the scourgers of mankind. He was the prototype of Blucher. Here are passages from his correspondence:

"If the enemy have Malta, it is only as a safe harbour for their fleet, and Sicily will fall the moment the king's fleet withdraws from the coast of Sicily; therefore we must have free use of Sicily to enable us to starve the French in Malta. I need not say more on this very important subject. The king of Naples may now have part of the glory in destroying these pests of the human race; and the opportunity, once lost, may never be regained."

"All useful communication is at an end between Alexandria and Cairo: you may be assured I shall remain here as long as possible. Buonaparte had never yet to contend with an English officer; and I shall endeavour to make him respect us. This is all I have to communicate. I am confident every precaution will be taken to prevent, in future, any vessels going to Suez, which may be able to carry troops to India. If my letter is not so correct as might be expected, I trust for your excuse, when I tell you that my brain is so shook with the wounds in my head, that I am sensible I am not always so clear as could be wished; but whilst a ray of reason remains, my heart and my head shall ever be exerted for the benefit of our king and country."

* And Sir W. Hamilton is in the same mind, as we learn from a note: "It is remarkable that at the very time when the action was being fought, Sir William Hamilton should have been writing to Nelson. His letter is dated, 'Naples, August 1, 1798, late at night,' and after acknowledging the receipt of his packet of the 20th and 22d of July from Syracuse, Sir William said: 'You may judge of our disappointment, as, for ten days past, reports have been current of your having defeated the French fleet in the bay of Alexandria, on the 30th of June, and taken Buonaparte prisoner; but we must not rejoice; you have done what man could do, and, as you say very well, 'the devil's children have the devil's luck.' I can easily conceive the anxiety of your mind during your fruitless tour, in a crippled ship and without a single frigate; but as all repining at what is passed is in vain, let us do the best we can under our present circumstances."

"To Lieutenant-Governor Locker, Royal Hospital, Greenwich.

"Palermo, Feb. 9th, 1799.

"My dear friend,—I well know your own goodness of heart will make all due allowances for my present situation, and that truly I have not the time or power to answer all the letters I receive at the moment; but you, my old friend, after twenty-seven years' acquaintance, know that nothing can alter my attachment and gratitude to you: I have been your scholar; it was you who taught me to board a Frenchman, by your conduct when in the Experiment; it is you who always told [me], 'Lay a Frenchman close, and you will beat him,' and my only merit in my profession is being a good scholar."

"I find, my dear sir, although the Turks and Russians have twenty sail of the line and as many frigates, yet I am forced to continue the blockade of Alexandria. However, thank God, the plague has got into both the French army and into their shipping. God send it may finish those miscreants! * * * You will believe that my anxiety for sending a squadron to Egypt is, to expedite the destruction of that robber, Buonaparte, with all his gang, and to have the pleasure of seeing the dominions of the grand signior cleared from infidels and murderers; I pray God it may be soon. * * * Captain Sir William Sidney Smith, who has the present command of the squadron off Alexandria, I have reason to believe, thinks differently from me, and will grant passports for the return of that part of the French army which God Almighty permits to remain. I have therefore thought it highly proper to send Captain Sir Sidney Smith the order of which I transmit a copy; for I consider it nothing short of madness to permit that band of thieves to return to Europe. No; to Egypt they went with their own consent, and there they shall remain whilst Nelson commands the detached squadron; for never, never, will he consent to the return of one ship or Frenchman. * * * We have great news from Egypt. The siege of Acre was raised May 21st—Buonaparte leaving all his cannon and sick behind. The vagabond has got again to Cairo, where I am sure he will terminate his career. Communication is cut off between the coast and Cairo."

These are tolerably bitter nationalities; but when any thing crossed Nelson's purposes, he was not very sparing in his language, epithets, or opinions.

"We have a report here that a Russian ship has paid you a visit, with proclamations for the island. I hate the Russians, and if she came from their admiral at Corfu, he is a black-guard."

"To the Right Honourable Lord Minto.

"Palermo, August 20th, 1799.

"My dear lord,—Reports say you are at Vienna, therefore I send a letter, hoping it is so, to assure you of my unalterable regard. Under you I have before worked for the public good; for the sake of the civilised world let us again work together; and, as the best act of our lives, manage to hang Thugut, Cardinal Ruffo, and Manfredini. As you are with Thu-

gut, your penetrating mind will discover the villain in all his actions; there is nothing of an honest man about him; if he was in this room, where I have told Manfredini as much, I would tell him the same. Their councils have been equally destructive to their sovereign and to Europe; try them before that great court, and they will be found friends of the French, and traitors to Europe. Pardon this; but it comes from a seaman who speaks truth and shames the devil. My dear lord, that Thugut is calling against our English king of Naples and his family; pray keep an eye upon this rascal, and you will soon find what I say is true. I am living with Sir William and Lady Hamilton; therefore, I need not to say, in private life I am happy, and nothing vexes me but the storms of state; but let us hang these three miscreants and all will go on smooth."

Of Lord St. Vincent contrast the annexed: "Our great queen, who truly admires you, our dear, invaluable Lady Hamilton, our good Sir William, and, give me leave to add myself to this excellent group, have but one opinion about you, viz. that you are every thing which is great and good. Let me say so. * * * Let me thank you for your goodness to Capt. Nisbet. I wish he may deserve it: the thought half kills me. My dear lord, there is no true happiness in this life, and in my present state I could quit it with a smile. May God Almighty bless you with health, happiness, and long life, is the fervent prayer of your affectionate friend, "NELSON."

"I have not received a line from England since the 1st of October. Lord St. Vincent is in no hurry to oblige me now." [This soon after broke into direct hostilities.]

With the many complaints and reproaches in the case of Sir Sidney Smith, under his command as captain of the *Tigre*, but acting in a higher political capacity as joined with his brother, our minister at Constantinople, we will not fill much of our paper, as there was a good deal of inconvenience in what proceeded out of this double capacity; and, in the end, when Sir Sidney achieved the important defence of St. Jean d'Acre, Nelson, without compromising his position or dignity, made the most generous amends to his successful compeer. Before this it was: "If Sir Sidney was an object of anger, I would not serve unless he was taken away; but I despise such frippery and nonsense as he is composed of. * * * I shall, my lord, keep a sufficient force in the Levant for the service required of us, but not a ship for Capt. Smith's parade and nonsense—Commodore Smith—I beg his pardon, for he wears a broad pendant—has he any orders for this presumption over the heads of so many good and gallant officers with me? Whenever Sir Sidney Smith went on board the *Tigre* in state, as he calls it, the royal standard was hoisted at the mast-head, and twenty-one guns fired. The Turks, however, who love solid sense and not frippery, see into the knight, and wonder that some of Sir Sidney's superiors were not sent to Constantinople; but I have done with the knight. * * * [To himself.] Captain Troubridge tells me it was your intention to send into Alexandria, that all French ships might pass to France: now as this is in direct opposition to my opinion, which is, never to suffer any one individual Frenchman to quit Egypt; I must therefore strictly charge and command you, never to give any French ship or man leave to quit Egypt. And I must also desire that you will oppose by every means in your power any permission which may be attempted to be given by any foreigner, admiral,

general, or other person; and you will acquaint those persons, that I shall not pay the smallest attention to any such passport after your notification; and you are to put my orders in force, not on any pretence to permit a single Frenchman to leave Egypt. Of course you will give these orders to all the ships under your command. * * * One of Sir William Sidney Smith's ships, with sick Frenchmen, is stopped by Troubridge; the poor devils are sent to Corsica. I am very much displeased with this Levant commodore with a broad pendant. I send one of his passports; we are not forced to understand French."

But:

"To Capt. Sir William Sidney Smith, H.M. Ship *Tigre*.
"Palermo, 30th August, 1799.

"My dear sir,—I have received with the truest satisfaction all your very interesting letters to July 16th. The immense fatigue you have had in defending Acre against such a chosen army of French villains, headed by that arch-villain Buonaparte, has never been exceeded; and the bravery shewn by you and your brave companions is such as to merit every encomium which all the civilised world can bestow. As an individual, and as an admiral, will you accept of my feeble tribute of praise and admiration, and make them acceptable to all those under your command. * * * Be assured, my dear Sir Sidney, of my perfect esteem and regard, and do not let any one persuade you to the contrary. But my character is, that I will not suffer the smallest tittle of my command to be taken from me; but with pleasure I give way to my friends, among whom I beg you will allow me to consider you, and that I am, with the truest esteem and affection, your faithful, humble servant, NELSON."

Of coming events casting their shadows before we may quote an instance or two which seemed to forebode the destiny of Caraccioli. On the recovery of Naples:

"Just come from the queen and Acton: every provision asked for will begin to be loaded tomorrow. Minerve shall bring the troops and Judge. Send me word some proper heads are taken off; this alone will comfort me. With kindness remember me to all with you, and believe me your affectionate NELSON."

"Your news of the hanging of thirteen Jacobins gave us great pleasure; and the three priests, I hope, return in the Aurora to dangle on the tree best adapted to their weight of sins."

"To Captain Louis, H.M. Ship *Minotaur*.

"Naples Bay, Aug. 3d, 1799.
"Sir,—You carried with you the treaty, and, in two hours after your arrival, and the capitulation was presented, you was to take possession of the gates, and in twenty-four hours the garrison were to be embarked. I am hurt and surprised that the capitulation has not been complied with. It shall be, and the commander has agreed to it. I have not read your paper enclosed. You will execute my orders, or attack it. The fellow ought to be kicked for his impudence. You will instantly take possession of the gates and the fortress. I had reason to expect it had been done long ago. I am very much hurt that it has not. Tell Captain Darby, who (I taking for granted that the business had been long settled) was directed to take the Marines, that the Marines must not be taken away until we have possession of the place, and that he must assist in doing it. I am, dear sir, your faithful servant, NELSON."

"To Captain Louis, H.M. Ship *Minotaur*.

"Foudroyant, Naples Bay, 4th Aug., 1799.

"Dear sir,—I have received your letter of

yesterday, and am happy to find that all matters are settled. I was sorry that you had entered into any altercation with the scoundrel. The capitulation once signed, there could be no room for dispute. The enclosed order will point out to you how you are to proceed, and believe me, dear sir, your most obedient

NELSON.
"There is no way of dealing with a Frenchman but to knock him down. To be civil to them is only to be laughed at, when they are enemies."

As the biographer truly observes: "The French revolution and its effects, especially in Italy, had inspired him with horror and disgust. Loyalty was his predominant passion. He detested those who entertained democratic opinions: a rebel or a traitor was, in his opinion, the impersonation of every crime that disgraces human nature; and 'no terms with rebels,' was with him as sacred a principle as that he ought to destroy the enemies of his country. Such a mind needed no inducement to deceive itself into the belief that, where men who had fought against their king were concerned, severity was an imperative duty; and that as the nation was to a great extent imbued with seditious principles, and as the principal fortress of Naples was still in the hands of the enemy, there was a strong necessity for prompt and exemplary punishment."

We trust we have gone enough into this volume; and shall now conclude with a few such anecdotes as we can select from it, and which are recommended by their novelty or their character.

"In 1783, Captain Ball became slightly known to Nelson at St. Omer's (vol. i. p. 88), when they seem to have conceived a strong prejudice against each other, and they never met again until the *Alexander* was placed under his orders. For the following anecdote, the editor is indebted to the Reverend Francis Laing, who heard it from Sir Alexander Ball himself. On joining the *Vanguard*, Captain Ball went on board her to pay his respects to the rear-admiral; but the reception he met with was not flattering: 'What,' said the admiral, 'are you come to have your bones broken?' Captain Ball, who was remarkable for command of temper, quietly replied, that he certainly had no wish to have his bones broken, unless his duty to his king and country required such a sacrifice, and then they should not be spared. Soon after the *Vanguard* was taken in tow by the *Alexander*, Sir Horatio Nelson fearing, from the state of the weather, that both ships would go down, peremptorily desired that the *Vanguard* should be abandoned to her fate. Captain Ball, however, resolved to persevere, under the conviction that his endeavours to save the *Vanguard* would be successful. When the ships arrived at St. Pierre's, Sir Horatio lost no time in going on board the *Alexander* to express his gratitude, and cordially embracing Captain Ball, exclaimed, 'A friend in need is a friend indeed!' From that moment their friendship commenced; Nelson soon discovered the injustice he had done to Ball's character and abilities; and numerous letters to him in this collection prove how highly he afterwards esteemed him."

"To Vice-Admiral Goodall.

"Palermo, Jan. 31st, 1799.

"My dear friend,—Many thanks for your truly kind and friendly letter of October 3d. It is the part of a friend to take care of the reputation of an absentee: you have performed that part, and have my gratitude. We have for many years lived in the greatest friend-

ship, both in our public and private stations. The victory of the Nile has not, in Italy, produced those consequences which I, and many others, naturally concluded. Could it be believed that 50,000 men could have vanished in a month, without a battle, before less than 11,000 had troops? but this I have seen, and with the greatest grief. Palermo is detestable, and we are all unwell and full of sorrow. I will not venture to say this country will be a monarchy six months. General Mack has disappeared: a butcher rules at Naples: a French general lives at the palace at . . . Where is all this to end? Tuscany is paying money to the scoundrels, but 15,000 French are in the different towns: Lucca is revolutionised. The emperor looks on and sees all this. He will repent when too late; for his newly-acquired Venetian dominions will be lost, and he will totter on his throne at Vienna. I have presented your kind respects to Sir William and Lady Hamilton: they are incomparable; therefore I can only tell you they are as good as ever. Acton, I think, will soon give up his situation and retire to England—that happy country! Long, very long may it remain so! I have to thank you for your hint of supporters and mottoes. Those things I leave to the Herald's Office as unworthy our notice; for soon, very soon, we must all be content with a plantation of six feet by two, and I probably shall possess this estate much sooner than is generally thought; but, whilst I live, I never shall forget the few real friends I have in this world—but amongst [them], I hope, I may rank you; for believe me, I am, with real regard, your most faithful and obliged, NELSON."

"Your lordship may depend that the squadron under my command shall never fall into the hands of the enemy; and before we are destroyed, I have little doubt but the enemy will have their wings so completely clipped that they may be easily overtaken. . . . Our friend Troubridge had a present made him the other day of the head of a Jacobin;* and makes an apology to me, the weather being very hot, for not sending it here!"

"In a letter from Lord William Bentinck to Nelson, dated Alexandria, 29th June, 1799, he said: 'Field-Marshal Suwarrow desired I would carry him my letter to your lordship, to which he has added, what I can assure you are the real feelings of his heart:—My lord Nelson, Baron du Nil, tachez de devenir Duc de la riviere Levante Ponente, et de Geres avec Malte. Je vous embrasse tendrement Excellence, Grand Nelson! Votre ami, frere, et adorateur, COMTE. ALEXANDRE SUWARROW-RYMNISKI.'"

"It has been stated, in p. 199, that Miss Knight, the daughter of Rear-Admiral Sir Joseph Knight, was the friend of Lord Nelson, and of many of the captains of his squadron. That intelligent lady was at Naples in 1798, and removed to Palermo with the court, in December of that year, where she remained

* The following is a translation of the curious letter sent to Captain Troubridge with the head, on which copy Troubridge wrote:—A jolly fellow.

T. TROUBRIDGE."

"To the Commandant of the English Ship.
"Sir,—As a faithful subject of my king, Ferdinand IV. (whom God preserve), I have the glory of presenting to your excellency the head of D. Charles Granozio di Giffoni, who was employed in the administration directed by the infamous commissary Ferdinand Ruggi. The said Granozio was killed by me in a place called Li Puggi, district of Ponte Cagnaro, as he was running away. I beg your excellency would accept the said head, and consider this operation as a proof of my attachment to the royal crown, and I am with due respect, the faithful subject of the king.
JOSEPH MANUSO VITELLA.
"Salerno, 26th April, 1799."

until she accompanied the queen, Sir William and Lady Hamilton, and Lord Nelson, to Leghorn, and thence to Vienna and England, in June 1800. Miss Knight kept a regular *Journal* of her life, from the age of fifteen to within a few days of her decease in 1837; and the original ms. is now in the possession of Lady Egerton, the daughter of Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Troubridge, Bart., and wife of Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Bulkeley Egerton, G.C.M.G. . . . In her communications with Lord Nelson and his officers, Miss Knight collected several anecdotes of him, of which the following are new:

"He says, that when he was seventeen years of age, he won 300*l.* at a gaming-table; but he was so shocked at reflecting that, had he lost them, he should not have known how to pay them, that from that time to this he has never played again.

"When Admiral Nelson's arm was cut off, the surgeon asked if he should not embalm it, to send it to England to be buried; but he said, 'Throw it into the hammock, with the brave fellow that was killed beside me'—a common seaman.

"As we were going in the admiral's barge, the other day, looking at the ships and talking of the victory, Sir William Hamilton could not be pacified for the French calling it a drawn battle. 'Nay, it was a drawn battle,' said the admiral; 'for they drew the blanks, and we the prizes.'

"The queen has desired to have a portrait of the admiral. Little Prince Leopold says, he will get a copy, and stand continually opposite to it, saying, 'Dear Nelson, teach me to become like you.'

"To these may be added a very characteristic circumstance respecting the gallant Troubridge, whose ship ran aground before the battle of the Nile:

"Captain Troubridge wrote to console with Captain Darby, of the *Bellerophon*, for his wounds, and the number of people killed in his ship; but added, that had his sufferings been fifty times as much, he had rather have been in his place, than have borne the anguish he felt from running aground, and being kept out of the action; that he had found great difficulty in keeping from shooting himself; and that he even then frequently shed tears. Captain Darby, and Captain Gould, who was present when he received the letter, both wept."

CENTO.

Poems. By Eliza Cook. Second Series. Pp. 275. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THE freshness and nature which breathed in the poems of our fair author (whose portrait, replete with character and intelligence, adorns this volume) attracted much notice as they first appeared, in isolated portions, in the *Literary Gazette*, and other periodicals; and when collected into a volume, it was a convincing proof of their intrinsic merit, that they rather rose, than lost ground, in popularity. For it is not often that brief compositions which separately find favour with the public can bear the test of continuous perusal. The pretty thought, the sweet description, the natural image, the flight of a fancy, which strike the mind and please the taste during a few minutes of charmed attention, rarely bear the peril of repetition, the risk of sameness, or the severe trial of prolonged contemplation.

Eliza Cook has, however, outlived this *experimentum crucis*, not only by submitting one volume to the ordeal of opinion and criticism, but now, by presenting a second, and with

equal success, to the same tribunal and judgment. There is plenty of inherent proof of the truth of her inspiration when she says:

"I can only write from my heart, and that heart has been left from infancy to the mercy of its own intense impulses. My rhyming tendency developed itself at a very early age; but the tones of judicious praise, or improving censure, never met my ear. The advantage of an enlightened, nay, even a common education, was denied me, lest knowledge should only serve to foster poetry, and make 'a sentimental fool' of me. I was left, like a wild colt, on the fresh and boundless common of nature, to pick up a mouthful of truth where I could. The woods and forests became my tutors; the rippling stream, and bulrush sighing in the wind, whispered to me in sweet and gentle breathings; the silver stars in the measureless night-sky, and the bright flowers in my morning path, awoke my wonder, and opened the portals that led to the high and mysterious temple of thought. God and creation were before my eyes in all their glory, and, as an untaught child, I worshipped the Being who had endowed me with power to contemplate his works and 'rejoice therein.'"

There are above a hundred poems, of various kinds, subjects, metres, &c. in the present volume; and though we will not be certain that it weaves out quite so much of originality as its precursor, we feel that, even within a short compass, we may quote as much as will more than justify the praise we have offered to the gifted writer.

The most common rural objects have ever been themes on which she has delighted to descend; and Bloomfield himself never sang them more accurately; nor Thomson, with his classic refinement, so truly. From the "Old Mill-Stream," in her childhood, the following are stanzas:

"How fresh were the flags on the stone-studded ridge
That rudely supported the narrow oak-bridge!
And that bridge, oh, how boldly and safely I ran
On the thin plank that now I should timidly scan!

I traversed it often at fall of the night,
When the clouds of December shut out the moon's light;
A mother might tremble, but I never did,
For my footing was sure, though the pale stars were hid.

When the breath of stern winter had fettered the tide,
What joy to career on its feet-warming slide;
With mirth in each eye, and bright health on each cheek,

While the gale in our faces came piercing and bleak!
The snow-flakes fell fast on our wind-roughened curls,
But we laughed as we shook off the feathery pearls;
And the running, the tripping, the pull and the haul,
Had a glorious end in the slip and the sprawl.

Oh! I loved the wild place where clear ripples flowed
On their serpentine way o'er the pebble-strewn road,
Where, mounted on Dobbin, we youngsters would dash,

Both pony and rider enjoying the splash.

How often I tried to teach Pincher the tricks
Of diving for pebbles, and swimming for sticks!
But my doctrines could never induce the loved brute
To consider hydraulics a pleasant pursuit.

The first of my doggerel breathings was there,—
'Twas the hope of a poet, 'An Ode to Despair.'
I won't vouch for its metre, its sense, or its rhyme,
But I know that I then thought it truly sublime.
Beautiful streamlet! I dream of thee still,
Of thy pouring cascade, and the tick-tack mill:
Thou livest in memory, and wilt not depart,
For thy waters seem blent with the streams of my heart.

Home of my youth! if I go to thee now
None can remember my voice or my brow;
None can remember the sunny-faced child
That played by the water-mill joyous and wild.
The aged, who laid their thin hands on my head
To soothe my dark shining curls, rest with the dead;
The young, who partook of my sports and my glee,
Can see nought but a wandering stranger in me.

Beautiful streamlet! I sought thee again,
But the changes that marked thee awakened deep pain.
Desolation had reigned, thou wert not as of yore—
Home of my childhood, I'll see thee no more!"

The playfulness of the descriptions, and the feelings of the sequel-application, which must find their way to every heart, harmonise with life—in youth so buoyant, in advanced years so chastised!

Our next quotation is from a poem in which the domestic affections are predominant; and this is another of the topics on which the author is always at home. It is entitled, "The Room of the Household," and is both naïve and characteristic, and reminds us of Cowper. We give the opening lines as a sample:

"There's a room I love dearly—the sanctum of bliss,
That contains all the comforts I least like to miss;
Where, like ants in a hillock, we run in and out,
Where sticks grace the corner, and hats lie about;
Where no idlers dare come to annoy or amuse
With their 'morning-call' budget of scandalous news:
'Tis the room of the household—the sacredly free—
'Tis the room of the household that's dearest to me.

The romp may be fearlessly carried on there,
No 'bijouterie' rubbish solicits our care;
All things are as meet for the hand as the eye,
And patchwork and scribbling unheeded may lie;
Black Tom may be perched on the sofa or chair,
He may stretch his sharp talons and scatter his hairs;
Yet boots may 'come in,' and the ink-drop may fall,
For the room of the household is 'liberty hall.'

There is something unpleasant in company-days,
When saloons are dressed out for Terpsichore's maze;
When the graceful mazourka and Weipert-led band
Leave the plain country-dance-people all at a stand.
There's more mirth in the jig and the amateur's strum,
When the parchment-spread battledore serves as a drum.

When Apollo and Momus together unite,
Till the household-room rings with our laughing delight.

Other rooms may be thickly and gorgeously stored
With your Titians, Murillos, Salvator, and Claude;
But the Moreland and Wilkie that hang on the wall
Of the family parlour, out-value them all.
The gay ottomans, claiming such special regard,
Are exceedingly fine, but exceedingly hard;
They may serve for state purpose—but go, if you please,
To the household-room cushions for comfort and ease."

From the gay we pass to the grave—"The Poor Man's Grave:"

"No sable pall, no waving plume,
No thousand torch-lights to illumine;
No parting glance, no heavy tear,
Is seen to fall upon the bier.
There is not one of kindred clay
To watch the coffin on its way:
No mortal form, no human breast,
Cares where the pauper's bones may rest.

But one deep mourner follows there
Whose grief outlives the funeral prayer;
He does not sigh, he does not weep,
But will not leave the sodless heap.
'Tis he who was the poor man's mate,
And made him more content with fate;—
The mongrel dog that shared his crust
Is all that stands beside his dust.

He bends his listening head as though
He thought to hear a voice below;
He pines to miss that voice so kind,
And wonders why he's left behind.
The sun goes down, the night is come,
He needs no food—he seeks no home;
But, stretched upon the dreamless bed,
With doleful howl calls back the dead.

The passing gaze may coldly dwell
On all that polished marbles tell;
For temples built on churchyard earth
Are claimed by riches more than worth.
But who would mark with undimmed eyes
The mourning dog that starves and dies?
Who would not ask, who would not crave,
Such love and faith to guard his grave!"

The next sketch is exceedingly agreeable to us, and may well match with a certain Jack-daw on a Steeple, sung by a bard of celebrity in English literature, already alluded to:

"The rook sits high when the blast sweeps by,
Right pleased with his wild sea-saw;

And though hollow and bleak be the fierce wind's shriek,

It is mocked by his loud caw-caw.
What careth he for the bloom-robed tree,
Or the rose so sweet and fair;
He loves not the sheen of the spring-time green
Any more than the branches bare.
Oh, the merriest bird the woods e'er saw
Is the sable rook with his loud caw-caw!

Winter may fling crystal chains on the wing
Of the fieldfare, hardly and strong;
The snow-cloud may fall like a downy pall,
Hushing each warbler's song;
The starved gull may come from his ocean home,
And the poor little robin lay dead;
The curlew hold may shrink from the cold,
And the house-dove droop his head:
But the sable rook still chatters away
Through the bitterest frost and the darkest day.

He builds not in bowers, 'mid perfume and flowers,
But as far from the earth as he can;
He 'weather's the storm,' he seeks for the worm,
And craves not the mercy of man.
Then a health to the bird whose music is heard
When the ploughboy's whistle is still,
To the pinions that rise when the hail-shower flies,
And the moor-cock broods under the hill:
For the merriest fellow the woods e'er saw
Is the sable rook with his loud caw-caw!

We read in the page of the grey-haired sage,
That misfortune should ne'er bow us down;
Yet if care come nigh, the best of us sigh,
And cower beneath his frown:
But the rook is content when the summer is sent,
And as glad when its glories fade.
Then fill, fill to the brim—here's a bumper to him
Who sings on through the sun and the shade:
For the wisest fellow the world e'er saw
Is the sable rook with his loud caw-caw!"

"Tom Tidler's Ground" is a merry and happy use of a play-note familiar to the games of children. We select the first three stanzas in proof:

"The sports of childhood's roseate dawn
Have passed from our hearts like the dew-gems from
morn;

We have parted with marbles—we own not a ball,
And are deaf to the hail of a 'whoop and a call.'
But there's one old game that we all keep up
When we've drank much deeper from life's mixed cup.
Youth may have vanished, and manhood come round,
Yet how busy we are on 'Tom Tidler's ground'
Looking for gold and silver."

We see an old man with his hair all grey,
Bending over his desk through a long summer day;
The flowers are closed, and the red sun sets,
But he is awake o'er his column of debts;
With his brain in a whirl, and his hands never still,
He toils and plods on like a steed in a mill;
And though every penny has grown to a pound,
Not an inch will he stir from 'Tom Tidler's ground,'
Where springeth the gold and silver."

'I like not my lover,' the fair girl cries;
'He suits not my soul, he glads not my eyes;
And it cannot be good to wed the one
Whom in secret truth we loathe and shun.'
'Fool! fool! there is many a heart that feels
Like thine; but the noise of his chariot-wheels
Will drown thy sighs with a magical sound;
And think of your home on 'Tom Tidler's ground,'
Among the gold and silver."

Again we pass from the amusing to the mournful:

"Mourn not the dead—shed not a tear
Above the stone-stained sculptured stone,
But weep for those whose living woes
Still yield the bitter, rending groan.

Grieve not to see the eyelids close
In rest that has no fevered start;
Wish not to break the deep repose
That curtain's round a pulseless heart;
But keep thy pity for the eyes
That pray for light, yet fear to sleep,
Lost wilder, sadder visions rise
Than those o'er which they waking weep.

Mourn not the dead—'tis they alone
Who are the peaceful and the free;
The purest olive-branch is known
To twine about the cypress-tree.

Crime, pride, and passion hold no more
The willing or the struggling slave;
The throbbing pangs of love are o'er,
And hatred dwells not in the grave.

The world may pour its venom'd blame,
And fiercely spurn the shroud-wrapped bier,
Some few may call upon the name,
And sigh to meet a 'dull, cold ear.'

But vain the scorn that would offend,
In vain the lips that would be cruel;
The coldest foe, the warmest friend,
Are mocked by Death's unchanging smile.
The only watchword that can tell
Of peace and freedom won by all,
Is echoed by the tolling bell,
And traced upon the sable pall."

And now, as this is only part of a poetic cento, and not a studied review (though the volume well deserves one), we conclude with a song, which is not poor, albeit entitled

"Song of the Spirit of Poverty.

A song, a song, for the beldame Queen,
A Queen that the world knows well,
Whose portal of state is the workhouse-gate,
And throne the prison cell.

I have been crowned in every land
With nightshade steeped in tears;
I've a dog-gnawed bone for my sceptre wand,
Which the proudest mortal fears.

No gem I wear in my tangled hair,
No golden vest I own,
No radiant glow tints cheek or brow,—
Yet say, who dares my frown?

Oh, I am Queen of a ghastly court,
And tyrant sway I hold,
Baiting human hearts for my royal sport
With the bloodhounds of Hunger and Cold.

My power can change the purest clay
From its first and beautiful mould,
Till it hideth from the face of day,
Too hideous to behold.

See the lean boy clutch his rough-hewn crutch,
With limbs all warped and worn,
While hurries along through a noisy throng
The theme of their gibing scorn.

Wealth and care would have reared him straight
As the towering mountain pine,
But I nursed him into that halting gait,
And withered his marrowless spine.

Oh, I am Queen of a ghastly court!
And the handmaids that I keep
Are such phantom things as Fever brings
To haunt the fitful sleep.

See, see they come in my haggard train,
With jagged and matted locks
Hanging round them as rough as the wild steed's
mane,
Or the black weed on the rocks.

They come with broad and horny palms,
They come in maniac guise,
With maddled chins, and yellow skins,
And hollow staring eyes.

They come to be gibbed with leather and link,
And away at my bidding they go,
To toil where the soulless beast would shrink,
In the deep, damp caverns below.

Daughters of beauty, they, like ye,
Are of gentle womankind,
And wonder not if little there be
Of angel form and mind.

If I'd held your cheeks by as close a pinch,
Would that flourishing rose be found?
If I'd doled you a crust out, inch by inch,
Would your arms have been so round?

Oh, I am Queen with a despot rule,
That crushes to the dust!
The laws I deal bear no appeal,
Though ruthless and unjust.

I deaden the bosom and darken the brain
With the might of the demon's skill;
The heart may struggle, but struggle in vain,
As I grapple it harder still.

Oh, come with me, and ye shall see
How well I begin the day,
For I'll hie to the hungry slave I have,
And snatch his loaf away!

Oh, come with me and ye shall see
How my skeleton victims fall;
How I order the graves without a stone,
And the coffin without a pall.

Then a song, a song for the beldame Queen—
A Queen that ye fear right well,
For my portal of state is the workhouse-gate,
And my throne the prison cell!"

If there be not power and pathos in this, we know not where to find them; and we now ask our readers if we have not exhibited variety enough to stamp the genius of Eliza Cook as worthy of the meed we have offered?

Miscellaneous Poems. By Elizabeth Piddocke Roberts. 8vo, pp. 167. London, Darton and Clarke.

AMONG these miscellanies the return of Cœur de Lion is thus chanted:

"On, on, o'er the sparkling wave,
Rides that gallant fairy barque,
Where, 'mid the true and the brave,
Stands the conqueror of d'Acre.
Oh!"

Singing to a cousin in the Isle of Wight of the banks of Trent, the lady (young lady, we trust we may guess) writes:

"Though the floweret's hues as bright should seem
As the imagery of a fairy dream;
Though rare, and rich, and exotic they be,
Yet give the wild gems of Trent to me.

And what if their graceful petals have
In the foaming surge of a briny wave;
Yet they never can half so speaking be
As the loved myosotis of Trent to me.

And though the delicate sea-weed spread
Its foathery groups o'er the violet's bed:
There's a river-aquatic as fair to see,
The wild water-lily of Trent for me."

What Isle of Wight exotics have in foaming salt water are unknown to our botany; and so we cannot tell whether or not they are only half so speaking as the Trent myosotis: nor, indeed, are we prepared to give an opinion of the sea-weeds which grow over violet-beds.

It is strange how aspirings for poetry, the fruit of kindly sentiments and the love of goodness and nature, are mistaken for the power to commit immortal verse. Our fair friend here seems to be imbued with a not uncommon Scottish feeling for the heroic and beautiful; but its expression cannot be recognised as worthy of being given to the wide world in a book.

The Death of Basseville: a Poem in Terza Rima. By V. Monti. Translated in the same verse. Pp. 29.

AN exercise; the first canto (as a specimen), respecting this profligate poet and revolutionary demagogue, who was mortally stabbed at Rome in 1793, in an *emue* caused by his appearing in the streets with the tri-coloured cockade:

"Oho, said the Dey, [the populace]
So this is the way
The French make revolutions."

We can form no opinion of his talents from the publication.

The Flight of Armida, &c. Pp. 75. London, J. Cochrane.

RATHER rhapsodical, and sometimes halting in chained phraseology and forced construction, there is yet some true poetry in this little volume. It wants an object, but many of the thoughts and some of the descriptions of a better cast. It is all for "liberty," full of faults, and redeemed by some beauties.

England Won: a Poem. By J. G. H. Bourne, author of "The Exiles of Idria," &c. Pp. 218. London, Longmans.

It is easy to say "a poem" on the title-page; but it is not so easy to write a commanding historical epic. This is a paraphrastic description of the conflict between Harold and his conqueror William.

The Village-Paupers, and other Poems. By G. W. Fulcher. Pp. 200. London, Longmans; Sudbury, Fulcher.

A SECOND edition vouches for the merits of this truly philanthropic and estimable volume. The name of the author has ever been mentioned with praise in our columns; and when we consider him as the nucleus (as it were) of a provincial gathering of graceful literati (including Bernard Barton, to whom this work is

dedicated), we cannot express more cordially than we do our approbation of his and their gratifying and beneficial productions.

New Zealand and its Aborigines, &c. &c. By William Brown, lately a Member of the Legislative Council of New Zealand. Pp. 320. London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

NEW Zealand has long, and especially of late, attracted and deserved much of public attention; and after all that has been written and said about so important a colony, we are well pleased to see so sensible and temperate a volume upon it as the present. Mr. Brown is evidently a very intelligent individual, and has enjoyed ample opportunity to make himself intimately acquainted with the subjects on which he has written. Pointing out errors both on the part of our government and of the Company, he suggests practical measures to restore every thing to a proper footing; and he lays before us the statistics of commerce, notices the religious feuds, and fully explains all the circumstances relating to the allotment of lands and other matters of policy which affect the general pacific settlement and future progress of the colony.

But these points have received so much parliamentary discussion, and some of them have been so modified and arranged by a recent agreement, that we will not raise them up again for statement in our page. Parties interested in them will do right to consult Mr. Brown's valuable work; and we shall sufficiently gratify our readers by extracting from it a few of the most novel particulars respecting the aborigines. Much depends upon a perfect understanding of their peculiar character. Summing this up, Mr. B. observes:

"The analysis which has been given of the character of the aborigines exhibits them in the first stage of social existence, and proves that their domestic affections are much less powerful than we are accustomed to find, not only among civilised, but even in other demi-savage nations; while, on the other hand, their ties of tribe or clanship are much stronger than amongst European nations. For instance, we see that the smallest affair affecting the interests of one member of the tribe is deemed of sufficient importance, not merely for the notice, but even for a long and serious discussion by the whole tribe. If a death occurs, the grief is not merely shared by the tribe with the relations of the deceased, who are commonly the least affected by the event. In enumerating, however, the peculiarities of temperament on which these characteristics depend, we find that the New Zealanders have the fighting or opposite propensity very moderate, their angry or vindictive feelings also small, and easily allayed even when excited. We further find that they are not naturally cunning, but open; while we see too, on the one hand, that they are a nation of traders, exhibiting the utmost eagerness to possess the goods of others, they are scrupulous as to the means—using honest and even laborious industry, where others might not even hesitate to steal. Combined, however, with this powerful desire of accumulation, we find that they have kind and generous natures, and part with their acquisitions with as much readiness as if they were the recipients rather than the givers. We also see that they are not proud and distant, but affable, courting eagerly the praise and good opinion of others. It should also be remembered, that this good opinion is sought in respect of the higher moral qualities, and not, as one might have expected in the case of a demi-savage people, as

a tribute to the intensity of hate and revenge—to the possession of the greatest number of wives—to skill in the practices of deceit. Neither is it asked on the score of the native being the best boxer, the deepest drinker, or the most accomplished profligate;—characters which are, even to this day, not altogether expelled from civilised society. No; the cannibal New Zealander, in despite of many evil practices, emulates higher virtues, the chief of which are bravery and generosity, the absence of hatred and anger, and the evenness and placidity of a temper regulated by the dictates of reason. Whatever falling short in the case of individuals, or even of masses, there may be in the attainment of these virtues, it is encouraging, as affording the best grounds for anticipating great advantages, to find that there is no part of what may be styled their code of morality, or what they deem it any honour to aspire to, that is not really estimable in itself. It is true that they are very deficient in conscientiousness, which must operate very injuriously; but they may easily, by the stimulation of the good qualities they possess, be led to do what is right, if not for the right's sake. In this recapitulation of their peculiarities must not be omitted their powerful religious tendencies, though I feel very certain that these will not continue to have an influence equal to that which they exerted while the minds of the natives were ignorant and superstitious; but this only points out one of the many applications which a knowledge of their real character should direct us to make. It shows that the missionary must not be contented with merely communicating religious knowledge to the natives, but he must, by example as well as by precept, train to activity all their best faculties to insure moral conduct—nay, even to keep that conduct up to its present standard. To this enumeration of the motives of conduct and action in the New Zealanders it remains to add, that their intellect fully equals that of our countrymen; and while their genius is eminently of a practical nature, and they are keenly alive to their own interests, the fact ought never to be lost sight of, that their feelings or motives to action are in a remarkable degree subservient to the dictates of their reason, which is saying more for them than could be affirmed of most civilised nations. With such capabilities, therefore, there never was a better—nay, never even so good an opportunity afforded to the religious, or even to the mere natural philosopher, for trying the experiment of raising a savage into a civilised being—a heathen into a Christian. And if our government are really actuated by the humane feelings which they have expressed, and truly desire to see the grand experiment practically made, they have only to use the means, and they may rest satisfied that the result will be most satisfactory. * * * It must be gratifying to the friends of the helpless aborigines of new countries, who have hitherto melted away at the approach of civilised man, to know that there are especial reasons for believing that the New Zealanders are reserved for a better fate. One of the most prominent causes of our failure, in respect of other demi-savages, will be found to exist in the vast inferiority of their minds generally; or, at least, in the entire dissimilarity between the two races: but this does not hold with regard to the New Zealanders. On the contrary, their natural capacities, mental as well as moral, are of a high order, and eminently fit them for amalgamating easily, at no distant period, with their civilised brethren. Their pursuits, too,

it should be remembered, are very much the same: the New Zealanders rather exceeding the Europeans in their love of trading and other commercial pursuits. Neither are they, like other savages, devoted to war, leading a wandering life, and existing by fishing and hunting. They would most eagerly abandon the few warlike habits they may still possess for the security afforded by the Europeans, and, for their subsistence, would be equally willing to cultivate the ground, as they have been in the practice of doing from time immemorial. Another reason for the probability of this amalgamation exists in the fact, that the New Zealanders have been recognised as the rightful owners of their own lands, and therefore entertain no feelings of hostility or hatred towards the settlers."

Leaving these consolatory deductions and prospects, we will now select some characteristic traits for the entertainment of our friends. Next to the *tapu* [the *taboo* of Africa, which renders things sacred, and is a great governing principle and means], "deserves to be noticed their singular custom of robbing (the singularity rather consists in the occasion), and the *sang froid* with which the parties submit to be plundered. It is in fact the usual method of punishing all offences real or imaginary. There is certainly nothing new or extraordinary in depriving an individual or a tribe of their property, on the violation of any law or custom; but civilised people would certainly not voluntarily submit to such a loss; far less would they refrain from using every exertion to secrete as much of their property as the circumstances would admit of their doing. Not so with the New Zealanders, however; they will calmly and unconcernedly sit by and see themselves plundered of every thing. Nay, it is even customary to give the individual warning; but even then he will not put away his property, as this would be termed an act of cowardice. I knew a case where a party of natives went to rob a chief of the name of Koinaki, in consequence of his wife having committed adultery. On that occasion they took from him a fine double-barrelled gun (an article at that time in great estimation, and very expensive, worth from 10*l.* to 12*l.*), all his blankets, a trunk containing clothes, and other articles, he looking on calmly all the while; indeed, he was on the best of terms with them, and after the affair was over entertained them in his house for three days, the weather not permitting them sooner to depart. Robbing is a punishment for all description of offences: indeed, unless under peculiarly aggravated circumstances, a payment will compound for almost any offence, whether the culprit be a native or pakeha (as the white people are termed). In these robbing excursions they do not always confine themselves to the property of the offender, but constructively implicate the whole of his tribe, and indiscriminately carry off all they can find. I witnessed a practical illustration of this in the case of a tribe living a few miles off from the place where I resided. A young chief having taken undue liberties with the wife of another chief of the same tribe, the old chief Kanini assembled a few of his followers, and not only stripped the youthful delinquent but many others of his tribe, not omitting the injured husband himself. They carried off all the provisions that could be found, as well as three canoes. It is a common practice to rob a new-married couple immediately after their nuptials, and not unfrequently to give them a good beating into the bargain. It was at one time customary to rob

a person on the occasion of any accident, such as his being burned, the bursting of his gun, &c. &c. Towards Europeans they adopt the same method of punishment; but they have not been able to get our countrymen to submit with a like good grace; they, of course, resisting whenever they can, and ill-feelings are consequently engendered on the part of the English by the loss sustained, and the very natural supposition that the natives have some ill-will towards them. But such may not be the case. The natives think nothing of being robbed themselves, and do not appear to entertain the least anger towards each other on such occasions; and this should, therefore, be kept in view by the Europeans in judging of the conduct of the natives. Of course it can never be expected that Europeans will be reconciled to such a perversion of the natural laws of *meum and tuum*, but it is at least so far gratifying to think that, in such cases, the natives may only be acting in strict accordance with their own customs, rude although they be, rather than from ill feeling towards the sufferers."

Their howling and weeping on all occasions, whether of mourning or rejoicing is a curious feature; and we are told:

"It is easily seen that they are only acting a part; and it is frequently ludicrous to observe the difficulty that some of them find in forcing out these crocodile-tears. A proof of this is seen in the immediate change which takes place in their appearance as soon as the 'tangi' is over, when they at once begin to laugh and talk with the greatest animation, thus precluding the supposition that they can have felt even the slightest emotions of grief. Show and ceremony appear to be a main feature in the native character; so much so that even grief is universally simulated. The only wonder is, that vanity should lead them to the affectation of such a noble and refined feeling as sympathy; and it affords the most unequivocal evidence of the superiority of the New Zealanders, and their susceptibility of the highest improvement. They think the white people cold-hearted; and say, that when they meet they shew no more regard for each other than so many dogs. In stature, the New Zealanders are rather above the middle size, and some are very tall—six feet to six and a half. They are very muscular and well formed. Very many have mild, pleasant, and highly intelligent countenances, and their predominant feelings are easily distinguished. This is owing, in some measure, to their being less accustomed to conceal their feelings than people more civilised; but doubtless, in a still greater degree, to the natural conformation of their minds. The slaves have a very different appearance. They seem formed of far inferior materials; the very texture of their skin is coarser. Neither are they so tall and well proportioned, though they are more muscular. Their countenances are much less expressive, clearly denoting that they are much more beasts of burden, and less accustomed to mental exertion. Of course, this is no more than the circumstances would lead a person to expect. Slavery produces its natural results in New Zealand, as well as in other places. The poor slave labours that his master may live in idleness, and give him leisure to expand his mind, and enable him, by his superior knowledge, to bind the fetters of his slave the faster. It is due to the New Zealanders, however, to state, that they behave, in general, with great kindness and consideration towards their slaves, who enjoy the utmost freedom, frequently possessing land as well as their master. Indeed, he freely distributes his

land amongst them, well knowing that his interest and power lies in conciliating their good will. It should be remarked, that this description of the degraded appearance of the slave-class only applies to a certain portion, for many of them having been taken in war, and from being chiefs themselves reduced to a state of slavery, are in every respect equal to their present masters.

"The New Zealanders do not seem to possess the domestic affections in an eminent degree. In general they appear to care little for their wives. Not that they are unkind to them, or that they deem them inferior, and therefore not worthy of attention, but it seems to result rather from a want of that sympathy between the sexes which is the source of the delicate attention paid by the male to the female in most civilised countries. In my own experience, I have only seen one instance where there was any perceptible attachment between husband and wife. To all appearance they behave to each other as if they were not at all related; and it not unfrequently happens that they sleep in different places before the termination of the first week of their marriage. It is a very rare occurrence indeed for husbands and wives to quarrel, and still rarer for a husband to beat his wife. They have no courtship, nor any marriage-ceremonies beyond the mere conducting of the lady by her lover to his hut. A chief can, in effect, take any unmarried female he may choose. Their laws do not openly acknowledge his power to do so, but they permit him to take her by force if he can, and she then becomes his lawful wife. If she, however, is aware of his intentions, and does not think proper to yield, her friends will protect her as far as they can. Parents not unfrequently betroth their children in infancy, and a woman in such a case becomes tapued to her future husband, and to him alone; nor can any other person make proposals to her even though he should die—a law which has a considerable influence on the population. In these cases of forced marriages, the females are not beaten or maltreated as the New Hollanders are under similar circumstances. On obtaining his wife it is a common practice for the husband to make a present to her parents, whether the marriage has been a forced or a voluntary one. The slaves are allowed to marry as they please, but they are not permitted to take wives by force, this privilege being reserved for their masters alone. Wives are usually chosen from a different tribe, partly from inclination, and partly with a view to the increase of the power and influence of the individual, as the husband is always considered to belong to his wife's tribe, and may rise from inferior to superior rank accordingly. A chief is permitted to have as many wives as he thinks proper, a license which is very generally taken advantage of. The Christian natives have been induced to put away all the supernumeraries; indeed, some of them have become such sincere converts as to preach as well as practise the duty of entire celibacy. However many wives a chief may have, there is always one amongst them who is the favourite or wife in chief; or should rival claimants divide the empire, separate establishments will be provided for them. In this there may seem to lurk the seeds of jealousy; but the wives appear to make no objection to the number of their competitors; not because they cannot prevent it, but because they are destitute of those feelings which characterise the females of other countries. Chastity is not deemed one of the virtues; and a lady before marriage may be as liberal of her favours as she pleases without incurring censure. After marriage, however, she

becomes tapued to her husband, and must be faithful to him. Even when unfaithful, she may frequently escape punishment, unless it can be made to appear that she was the seducer, a point on which they are very particular. Should her husband not punish her, however, or at least make a pretence of doing so, the tribe will rob him as well as the adulterer. Sometimes in a fit of rage the offended husband will shoot the man who has injured him, but in general the offence can easily be compounded. * * *

"Both men and women wear ear-rings. The description most prized are sharks' teeth, which they attach with a piece of black ribbon; but all sorts of things are converted to the same purpose,—buttons, buckles, beads, &c. Generally they ornament but one ear in this way, reserving the hole in the other for their tobacco-pipe when not using it, which, to be sure, is very seldom, as smoking is universal, and almost continual both with men and women. I have even seen infants, not able to walk, with a pipe in their mouths. Tobacco being so much used, it might be expected that their teeth would become discoloured; but such is not the case, for they have beautifully white teeth—the result no doubt of a sound digestive apparatus. The women are not held in bondage, but have a share of influence corresponding with the natural strength of their character. The chiefs' wives are not expected to do any work beyond what their own inclinations may suggest. The cooking, fishing, planting, &c. is performed by the slaves, and divided pretty equally between the males and females. Women arrive very early at maturity, and as early become old and withered. They frequently marry at the age of eleven. Love of children is not a prominent feature of the New Zealand character. Children are certainly treated with great kindness and forbearance; indeed, they are very rarely corrected; but mothers shew none of that doting fondness for their offspring almost universal among the females of other climes. This is strikingly proved by the absence of all those little wiles and endearments which a fond mother lavishes on her offspring. But if the New Zealand mother be deficient in the little arts of amusing her children, they themselves stand in less need of them than the infants of other countries; not being of that mischievous, restless, and unmanageable disposition which characterises other children; but from infancy manifesting the quiet and tractable temper which distinguishes the full-grown man. If children are not here treated with intense affection, they are at least the objects of great consideration. Boys are chiefly under the care of their father, and he will talk and behave towards them as if they were full-grown men. Even in great assemblies of the chiefs, children may be seen sitting as quietly, and apparently listening with as much attention, as their parents. They will frequently (but without interrupting the proceedings) ask questions, which will be answered with as much respect as if propounded by old men. The nature of the children, not less than the treatment of them, tends to render them very precocious mentally as well as physically. Children of three and four years old may be seen by themselves paddling and managing their canoes with great dexterity. But a stranger will be still more amused with the coolness with which these children will ask him if he is married, and inquire the number of his wives; and should the individual not be happy enough to possess any, the next question would be, if he is not *mate mate* (sick) for one. The peculiar regard which they manifest towards their children seems to be the result of the general kind-

ness of their own nature rather than any special affection for them. Women sometimes suckle dogs and even pigs, for which they shew as much affection as they do for their own offspring."

These brief quotations must suffice to afford an idea of the volume; which we again cordially recommend to the public.

Memoirs of the Reign of King George III. By Horace Walpole. Now first Published from the original mss. Edited, with Notes, by Sir D. Le Marchant, Bart. Vols. III. and IV. 8vo. R. Bentley.

LET political reviewers discuss the truth or falsehood, the colouring or misrepresentation, in the writings of Horace Walpole; wherever other contemporary documents are brought to light to illustrate, we are sure to find corroboration enough to induce us to believe about as much of his as of any other history. That his personal biases and prejudices were strong need not be repeated, and therefore what he says of many individuals must be taken *cum grano salis, quant. suff.*; but he had superior access to the chief actors in these affairs, and the best sources of intelligence—was himself one of the number, and gives us his version of men and things in so delectable a manner, that we confess we hardly seem to care whether his facts are verities or inventions. For, after all, what does it signify to present Britain whether the Pitt brothers, singly or collectively, the Bedfords, the Graftons, the Butes, the Rockinghams, the Norths, or even the sovereign himself and his nearest relatives, were most mixed up in the political intrigues which distracted the early reign of George the Third, plunged the country into tremendous factious confusion, and lost the American colonies? Matters of importance seventy or eighty years ago are of small consequence now. Other aristocratic (revolution) families have become more publicly potent than their representatives at that period; other democrats have superseded the Wilkes, Sawbridges, Beckfords, &c.; a new great interest, the manufacturing, has grown into much greater power; and, in short, the face of things is as much changed as between the eras of the Tudors and the Stuarts, the Stuarts and the Orange prince, the accession of William III. and the close of the reign of the third George.

Neither, but for their grossness and impropriety in exhibiting the utmost moral profligacy, is there much of interest in the scandals of the court of Louis XV., the elevation of Du Barry, and the downfall of Choiseul. But the best of these volumes, after Walpole's own lively labours, is not so much the Whig annotations of the editor as the concomitant lights he has been allowed to borrow from the muniment-chests of the Duke of Bedford, Lord Minto, Lord Guildford, Lady C. Lindsay (through the kindness of Lord Brougham), the Duke of Grafton, and Sir Alexander Johnstone. From the superabundance of the latter, another volume of Notes and Biographies illustrative of the early years of the reign of George III. may, we hope, be expected.

The Cavendish lost parliament-reports have also been usefully employed. Poor Wright, whose indefatigable industry supplied this valuable fund of national history, was not rewarded by the sale of above some two hundred copies among the lords, commoners, senators, and gentry of England, died in poverty, and, but for the benevolence and generosity of a feeling heart—that in the breast of Mr. Hudson Gurney—might have perished in actual want. People are subscribing for monuments

to millionaires; when will the public learn to appreciate those who have endured poverty in the cause of science and literature for the benefit of the world, and not reserve all their sympathies for those who in life have reaped far more than a sufficient reward?

The conclusion of Walpole's work occupies from 1767 to 1771; and the appendix has a very interesting sketch of the Duke of Grafton's course, shews how imperiously the king was ridden rough-shod over in the dismissal of Mr. Mackenzie, and puts the favourite Lord Bute in a better ministerial posture than the unmeasured abuse of the times allowed him to occupy. By Walpole the king himself is drawn as a shrewd and scheming ruler; but instances force themselves on our notice of his possessing great constitutional knowledge, and hardly enough of tact or power to shake off trammels not very delicately nor feelingly imposed upon him, as various parties obtained the upper hand and played their own game.

In 1767, when a coalition to overthrow the court-ministry had failed, Walpole writes:

"Nothing now remained but to re-settle the administration as we could on its old bottom, no new forces being to be had. But I must make a few observations. In all my experience of the king, or knowledge of his measures, he never interfered with his ministers, scarce took any part in his own business (I speak of the past years of his reign), unless when he was to undo an administration. Whether hating or liking the persons he employed, the moment he took them he seemed to resign himself entirely to their conduct for the time. If what they proposed was very disagreeable to him, at most he avoided it by delay. How far he had entered into his mother's and Lord Bute's plans while they were all-powerful, at the beginning of his reign, cannot be known. Afterwards he had, undoubtedly, confidence in none of his ministers; which according with his extreme indolence and indifference to all men, his ministers found little obstruction to their views from the closet, till the greater indolence of the Duke of Grafton and Lord North taught his majesty to act on his own judgment, assisted by the secret junta of the creatures of Lord Bute. The sensible disgrace that fell on the crown from so frequent a change of ministries had at last alarmed the king, and made a lasting impression. And yet the ruling principle of the reign—which had been, by breaking and dividing all parties, to draw attention and dependence only to the king himself—had succeeded so happily, that even these storms tended to strengthen the unbounded influence at which the king aspired, and which he pursued invariably on every returning calm. The ductility and congenial indolence of the Duke of Grafton, accompanied with much respect and good breeding, fixed his majesty in preferring him to all the men whom he could employ; and though the duke not long afterwards fell into a connexion of very ill-odour at court, yet the tedious tyranny of Grenville, and the inveteracy of Rockingham to Bute, were so much more dreaded, that Grafton did not cease to be almost a favourite; with the additional comfort to the king, that if forced to sacrifice him, it would be the loss of an useful tool, rather than of a minister for whom he had any fondness. Another observation is, that during the whole preceding negotiation the names of Lord Chatham and Charles Townshend were scarce mentioned, so insignificant had both rendered themselves to the nation and to every faction in it. I cannot help reflecting, too, that had the Duke of Cumberland or the Duke of

Devonshire lived, men in the prime of their age, many of the follies I have been recounting had probably been avoided. The excellent sense of the former would have kept Lord Rockingham and the Cavendishes within bounds; and the deference of his royal highness for the crown would have restrained them from the excesses into which they fell against the king, the princess, and the favourite; for though nobody had less partiality to the two latter, he would not have encouraged a useless inveteracy, when himself would have enjoyed so much credit in the government."

In the year 1768, the editor has put together an entertaining notice of some of the publications of that day, now so forgotten that we dare say not one in a hundred readers know any thing about them. Pamphlets filled the office of newspapers then. On America, *A Farmer's Letters from Pennsylvania* was one of the number, and ascribed to Franklin, but in reality written by John Dickenson, a citizen of that state. *Rodondo*, by Mr. Dalrymple, and *Patriotism*, by Mr. Richard Bentley, are mentioned by Walpole as very clever and biting mock-heroic poems, "not much inferior in wit to *Hudibras*." *Rodondo* is a severe philippic against Pitt (afterwards Lord Chatham); and its spirit may be gathered from the following quotation:

"He raised the nation's apprehensions
With court-corruption, places, pensions;
Words which, when well dissected, mean,
'That I am out and you are in;
And which, when properly repeated
In every question that's debated,
Can open a thousand mouths at once,
And make a hero of a dunce.
Your fit is good at making peace:
Rodondo went to war with these.

The nation knows
My maxim ever was, *Oppose*;
And he the minister who will,
My maxim is, *Oppose him still*.
For though to Britain necessary,
'Tis good for me that all miscarry,
Excepting *one*—I need not name him,—
Envy herself would blush to blame him."

"The *Common Destiny of Statesmen* is lively and imaginative, but too long to be inserted here. The following lines are also of more than common merit:

"O Disappointment! but for thee
What were this land of liberty?
Were't not for thee on English ground
No trace of patriot could be found,
Thou comest indeed with rueful face
To fruitless hunters after place,
Blasfing their hopes, but in exchange
Presenting prospects of revenge.
Just so an egg, when overdone,
Becomes confounded hard to digest;
And in the place of wholesome chyle,
Produces copious floods of bile."

Patriotism defends his majesty thus in describing the libels upon him:

"Recast the royal virtues, which before
The nation worshipped, and cry down the ore,
To teach the people this indolent reign
With every charge of tyranny to stain,—
To swallow every contradiction down,—
In Antonine's mild look see Nero's frown,—
Wrest his intention and distort each fact,
And lend them treason till they long to act;
In terms of duty wrap each boisterous deed,—
Kneel while we stab, and libel while we plead."

"This compliment on the king is pretty:

"Who from the sceptre no exemption draws,
And is but the first subject of the laws."
A good deal of Walpole has been anticipated in his Correspondence, much of which here only assumes the narrative form; and we only touch where proofs are given or something offers for remark. Thus:

"Walpole's statement of the decided view taken by the king of Wilkes's case from the very first is perfectly correct. In a letter to

Lord North of the 25th of April, the king says: 'Though entirely relying on your attachment to my person, as well as in your hatred of any lawless proceeding, yet I think it highly expedient to apprise you that the expulsion of Mr. Wilkes appears to be very essential, and must be effected. The case of Mr. Ward, in the reign of my great-grandfather, seems to point out the proper mode of proceeding. If any man were capable of forgetting his criminal writings, his speech in court last Wednesday, &c.'—(This extract was made by the editor from the king's letters to Lord North—a very curious and interesting collection.)"

Of Lord Holland's accounts, as paymaster of the forces, it is stated:—"The multiplicity and difficulty of his accounts as paymaster during the war had prevented their being liquidated. The barons of the exchequer had called on him to make them up. He had obtained from the crown a delay of process, pleading the impediments he received from the proper officers in Germany. This was probably true. It is also probable that he was not impatient to be disburdened of such large sums, on which he made considerable interest."

Upon this Sir D. observes:—"These accounts were not settled at Lord Holland's death, and his family profited of the interest of 400,000*l.* still remaining in his hands. Lord North was very earnest to have the account made up, and yet it was not finally closed in the middle of the year 1777, which shews the intricacy and difficulty of terminating such accounts. [The delay was no fault of Lord Holland's; it arose from the imperfect system of auditing the public accounts in that day. Lord Holland had been out of office only three years and a half. Mr. Winnington's accounts for 1744-6 were only settled in 1760, or fourteen years after their close; and Lord Chatham's remained open for the same period.—(Lord Brougham's 'Historical Sketches,' vol. iii. p. 136.)—It should, however, be stated, in fairness to Lord Chatham, that he derived no benefit from the balance in his favour, having left all his receipts in the Bank of England."

When affairs of this description are recorded and annotated, it ought never to be forgotten that to Alexander Trotter and the late Lord Melville (the reviled and persecuted) does the nation owe the adoption of a different system of accounts in the public departments. Let us not, said the astute official, go on heaping arrear upon arrear, the latest with the increase of business more overwhelming than all before; but let us draw a line—here at the year—; begin and keep current and clear accounts as we proceed, and arrange with all preceding this date, by employing adequate clerks to bring up and settle the arrears till they shall overtake the commencement of the new and improved system. Upon this Lord Melville acted, befriended and promoted his sagacious adviser, and has rendered such circumstances as we have just quoted from 1769 impossible.

Returning to the king and great parties in 1770, Walpole says:

"Let it be observed, however, that, when I impute to the king and his mother little more than a formed design of reducing the usurped authority of the great lords, I am far from meaning that there were not deeper designs at bottom. Lord Mansfield was by principle a tyrant; Lord Holland was bred in a monarchic school, was cruel, revengeful, daring, and subtle. Grenville, though in principle a republican, was bold, proud, dictatorial, and so self-willed that he would have expected Liberty herself should be his first slave. The Bedford

faction, except the duke himself, were void of honour, honesty, and virtue; and the Scotch were whatever their masters wished them to be, and too envious of the English, and became too much provoked by them, not to lend all their mischievous abilities towards the ruin of a constitution whose benefits the English had imparted to them, but did not like they should engross. All these individuals or factions, I do not doubt, accepted and fomented the disposition they found predominant in the cabinet as they had severally access to it; and the contradictions which the king suffered in his ill-advised measures riveted in him a thirst of delivering himself from control; and to be above control, he must be absolute. Thus on the innate desire of unbounded power in all princes was engrafted a hate to the freedom of the subject; and therefore, whether the king set out with a plan of extending his prerogative, or adopted it, his subsequent measures, as often as he had an opportunity of directing them himself, tended to the sole object of acting by his own will. Frequent convulsions did that pursuit occasion, and heavy mortifications to himself. On the nation it heaped disgrace, and brought it to the brink of ruin; and should the event be consonant to the king's wishes of establishing the royal authority at home, it is more sure that the country will be so lowered that the sovereign will become as subject to the mandates of France as any little potentate in Europe. This is my impartial opinion of the reign of George the Third, from the death of his grandfather to the end of the year 1771, when I wrote these annals; and the subsequent transactions to the commencement of the new parliament in 1784 have but corroborated my ideas."

A story of Beckford occurs here, and is thus introduced:—"He died on the 21st of June, aged sixty-two. He had boldness, promptness, spirit, a heap of confused knowledge, displayed with the usual ostentation of his temper, and so uncorrected by judgment that his absurdities were made but more conspicuous by his vanity. Under a jovial style of good-humour, he was tyrannic in Jamaica, his native country, and, under an appearance of prodigality, interested. On the other side, the excesses of his factious behaviour were founded neither on principle nor on rancour. Vainglory seemed to be the real motive of all his actions."

On one of the turbulent city-outbreaks, 1771, "the king wrote thus to Lord North on the 17th of March:—"If Lord Mayor and Oliver be not committed to the Tower, the authority of the House of Commons is annihilated. Send Jenkinson to Lord Mansfield for his opinion of the best way of enforcing the commitment, if these people continue to disobey. You know very well I was averse to meddling with the printers, but now there is no retreating. The honour of the House of Commons must be supported."

We can only refer to the Grafton papers, which particularly elucidate two memorable circumstances—the circumvention of the Duke by his friend Lord Chatham; and a strong ingredient in, if not the probable cause of, the revolt of the American colonies. This is attributed to Lord Hillsborough having mutilated and transformed a minute of the cabinet-council.

"When Beckford received an account of the magnificent seat he had built at Fonthill being burnt down, he only wrote to his steward, 'Let it be rebuilt.' Lord Holland's youngest son being ill, and Beckford inquiring after him, Lord Holland said he had sent him to Richmond for the air. Beckford cried out, 'Oh! Richmond is the worst air in the world; I lost twelve natural children there last year!'"

cil, and despatched it to America as a circular letter, before his colleagues, especially the Lord Chancellor Camden and the Premier Grafton, could be aware of the alterations and stop the mission. The whole account of this, in the appendix, is of extreme interest, and greatly enhances the value of a publication which stands in no need of collateral recommendations.

O. T. and only a Fiddler; or, Life in Denmark. By the Author of "The Improvisatore; or, Life in Italy." Translated by Mary Howitt. 3 vols. R. Bentley.

We are certainly good-natured, but we trust, equally just, critics; and therefore it is that we cannot stop to review this work till we have read it through. In truth, kindness towards our readers, and fairness towards the author, prick us on to an immediate notice. What we thought of the *Improvisatore in Italy* is vouched by several Nos. of the *Gazette*, in which we paid our tribute of applause to the originality and genius it displayed. And now, having read little more than the first of "O. T.," we cannot resist the wish to tell the public not to wait for next week, when we may point out some of its attractions, but at once procure one of the most interesting publications which has issued from the press for years. Its pictures of Danish life are most natural and most admirable; its illustrations of superstitions, its descriptions of scenery and external objects, its touches of truth in character and incident, its exquisite drawing of children and children's minds, its *naïveté* and lively sallies, its world-wisdom and imaginativeness, all briefly set before us, as if in flashes of light and intellect, possess so entire a charm, that we do not for a moment hesitate to say, that this is a book which will afford the utmost gratification to every class of readers, and deserve a place among the most sterling works of fiction that ever were produced. Frederika Bremer must look about her now; for the Fates have ordained the appearance of "another greater" than she, and the literature of Denmark will hardly bring forth "a third greater still."

In short, this is a very delightful book; and we feel certain of many thanks the sooner it is in the hands of the many friends who follow our advice in the choice of their reading.

The Book of Nursery Tales: a Keepsake for the Young. First, Second, and Third Series. 3 vols. London, James Burns.

Who says we are old or crabbed critics? These volumes make us young and laughing again! Oh, what pretty stories, and how charmingly embellished! Our old acquaintances, in their literature only changed so much as to be chastely pure and point a moral, without injuring an interest or marring a *dénouement*; but in their illustrations such bijoux of art! not the daubs of the olden times, but subjects treated as well, and some of them far better, than the majority of frescos in Westminster Hall, or pictures in the annual exhibitions. How modestly is Cinderella polka-ing; how quaint are the dwarfs, how burly the giants, how beautiful the enchanted princesses, how gallant the armed knights, how terrible the lions and other wild beasts, how queer the greedy or tyrant kings, how grotesque the witches—how elegant all the designs! Then Jack the Giant-Killer shews a hero indeed, when we see the athletic monster he has tumbled over the castle-wall; Goody Two-Shoes, frontispiece to vol. 2d, and other cuts, are delicious pieces of rural picturesque; Whittington's Cat is illustrious, *mecat inter omnes*; Little

Red Ridinghood's rapacious and treacherous wolf is justly slain without succeeding in the destruction of innocence; Prince Cherie is finely reclaimed; the Golden Goose and the Giant with the Golden Hair are good; Blue-Beard justly hideous; the Babes in the Wood most pitiful; and Valentine and Orson most heroic;—in short, they will be fortunate children who make a little library of these three peculiarly handsome and well-edited tomes.

A Sketch of New South Wales. By J. O. Balfour, Esq. Pp. 136. Smith, Elder, and Co. Six years a resident in Bathurst district, the author has here stated the results of his experience, which seems to be accurate and useful; and what is almost as good, concise and clear, though it does not unfold any new facts for us to dilate upon. For emigrants to the quarter of which it treats, it must be a valuable guide.

A Peep at Architecture. By Eliza Chalk. With Illustrations. Pp. 188. London, Bell; Windsor, Brown [not Brown Windsor].

This is a nice little book, and does great credit to a female pen. A prettier or more useful performance of the kind could hardly be put in young hands for the instruction of young heads in the now gradually unfolding knowledge of architecture, for which modern research is doing so much. We observe that the writer (page 69) anticipates great improvements from this increase of information; but we have seen too little yet to be sanguine with regard to the future elegance and purity of architectural design in our age. *Espérons!*

The History of our own Times. By the Author of "The Court and Times of Frederick the Great." Vol. II. Pp. 401. H. Colburn.

THOMAS CAMPBELL sleeps in Westminster Abbey, and the authorship of the Court, &c. of Frederick is avowed by another, though affiliated upon him—one of the doings of the press which we denounced at the time as fraught with imposition, and ultimately injurious to publication. Sure we are that such *raises* generally fail even in the instances where they are practised, and that as a system they are destructive to confidence and permanent prosperity.

Of the present volume we shall merely say, that it is a careful and creditable historical compilation from the period of the revolution of 1688 to the year 1796, including the French revolution and the events of the wars consequent thereon to that period. Mr. Shoberl in all he has done has exercised a calm judgment and an impartial mind. His opinions may be disputed, but his integrity cannot be questioned; and when we consider how many party and one-sided works appear in the world, we think we may with perfect safety recommend his honest labours to every class of the reading public.

The Levite; or, Scenes Two Hundred Years ago. By Elizabeth Murphy. 3 vols. London, John Ollivier.

THE fair author assuredly possesses the organ of constructiveness, for she has wrought into the fabric of this romance the fortunes of a Jewish family, as complicated and more extraordinary than the plots of ten of the most intricate Spanish plays. The *dénouement* is the unwinding of such mysteries in regard to the lost, supposed dead, and otherwise scattered over the face of the earth; that previous to arriving at Mrs. Murphy's explanation, it would be easier to develop her namesake's weather-almanack and astronomical and meteorological predictions, than to guess how the tangled clue

was to be unravelled. This will be a sufficient passport to many novel readers; and therefore we need do nothing further but add, that the tale belongs to the times and the unhappy fate of Charles the First, and is filled by the adventures of Cavaliers and Roundheads—classes or factions, which, whatever were their shapes, had considerable difficulty in keeping their heads on their proper shoulders—and is consequently full of bustle, intrigue, plots, escapes, and strange occurrences.

Fruits and Farinacea the proper Food of Man, &c. By John Smith. Pp. 422. London, J. Churchill.

A COMPREHENSIVE and laborious essay to prove that the "original, natural, and best diet of man" is to be found in the vegetable kingdom; and that the meat of animals, fowls, and fish, is not only unnecessary, but injurious. The author confesses that he does not expect to make many converts; and we agree with him, notwithstanding the quantity of curious matter he has got together in support of his argument. But the total temperance and water system does not advance; and if it did, it would only indispose people the more to give up their accustomed sustenance from animal food. In short, as we heard a jolly toper express it, "nothing can be more abominable than the endeavour to persuade men to live like beasts: it will never answer."

My Marine Memorandum-Book. By Hargrave Jennings. 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

THE author, who we fancy is new to the work of literary fiction, takes for his epigraph two applicable lines from Shakspeare:

"Wherein I speak of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field."

This is a collection of sea-yarns, the first occupying a volume, and the rest of different lengths, so that some of them might be told by the galley-fire. To this they are suited, for Jack talks in his own grotesque lingo; and the stories of pirate-fights, escapes, ghosts, and humorous anecdotes, have all a fitness about them as if they had been so narrated, enjoyed, and believed. For example, the first vol. has a true description of Cuba, and talks truly of grog-drinking in that climate as a seductive and deceitful demon, that smiles, and tempts, and gives the lie, &c., yet leaves nothing to reap after it "but the stump-end of disappointment." In vol. ii. we have "the Ghost and the Gallon o' Cordial," a regular Jack-tar adventure; an action with an American schooner, account of boarding a French man-of-war, Jack in a church, &c. &c., and the last volume consists of similar matter. There are rather too large an allowance of oaths (which though they may be characteristic are not pleasant in print), and there is evidently an unacquaintance with style. Still, the general reader may be amused with the Memoranda, and it will do well for the lodging-houses along-shore, in Kent, Essex, Suffolk, Sussex, Devon, &c. &c., where natives of Cockaigne go to disport and wash themselves in the briny sea in autumn.

The Prince of Orange: an Historical Romance. 3 vols. R. Bentley.

ALL historical events are now it seems to be made subjects of Romance; and however unlikely the Dutch Protestant Revolution may look for a subject, here we have it chosen, and not ill treated either. The descriptions, the costumes, the freedom of manners, and other characteristics of the times, are connected with actual circumstances; and we have, upon the whole, a stirring and entertaining story.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Aug. 4th.—The Rev. F. W. Hope, president, in the chair. Various new species of British insects were exhibited by different members; and Mr. E. Doubleday explained a complicated apparatus, invented by M. Reissig, for capturing and killing the minute species of *lepidoptera*. The following memoirs were read: 1. A biographical memoir of Fabricius, translated from the Danish, by the Rev. F. W. Hope; 2. Description of a new species of grasshopper from New South Wales, by Mr. Evans; 3. Description of *Ceratoderus Bensoni*, a new Indian species of the coleopterous family *Pausidae*, by Mr. J. O. Westwood; 4. Notes upon the habits of various Indian species of *Pausidae* and *Cetoniidae*, by Mr. Benson; 5. Notes on the production of a queen bee from a neuter larva, by Mr. Golding.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION, WINCHESTER.

We proceed with the report of the Winchester Congress, laying before our readers a full account of the transactions, and reserving for our conclusion such remarks as occur to us on their bearing, their variety and usefulness, and upon some slight misconceptions into which the periodical press, attentive, fair, and friendly as it has generally been to the meeting, has fallen with regard to its strictly archæological though comprehensive researches.

Our first paper is that to which we have already referred, viz. that by Mr. Thomson on the records of Leicester, in which, as in Mr. Wright's papers on the archives of Winchester and Southampton, much interesting information has been furnished on subjects not only of local importance,* but of national. Mr. Thomson observes that:

"Very little information of an authentic nature has yet been collected relative to the early history of English boroughs. Hitherto the speculations of Brady and Stephens, founded only in part upon documentary evidence, have been all that the antiquarian and historical reader could refer to upon this subject. . . . The archives of the borough of Leicester will afford an idea of what such documents usually consist, and will justify their claim to greater attention and respect than they have hitherto received at the hands of antiquaries."

The author describes the rolls of the merchant guild from 1196,—the mayor's accounts,—the rolls of the assize of bread and beer,—the tallage rolls of tax-paying inhabitants,—and the *placita corona*, which exhibit the robberies and crimes committed in the borough in the end of the thirteenth and commencement of the fourteenth centuries. Of the latter he says:

"Their perusal introduces us at once, as it were, into the presence of the townsmen and townswomen who were living more than five hundred years ago. And they shew, farther,

* A Hampshire journal, the *Independent*, in the face of these papers, and others throwing considerable light on subjects intimately connected with the county of Hants, with Winchester cathedral, and St. Cross, strangely enough tells its readers, that little has been done to extend the information already existing as to the antiquities of the city, &c. With all due deference to Milner's work, which, notwithstanding its merits, is full of errors, we must address our Report in proof of there having been a great deal done to extend information of the best sort relating to all this locality; whilst we also remind our contemporary, that such an association must embrace widely extended objects, at the same time that it pays proper regard to the antiquities of the neighbourhood where it holds its annual assembly.—*Ed. L. G.*

the state of the police, the direction of the streets, and the nature of the functions of local officers at that period. . . . A mass of documents of a miscellaneous description complete the catalogue of the archives of Leicester."

Passing over the tradition that Leicester was founded by King Lear 1000 years before the Christian era, Ratæ, occupying the site, was a Roman station, as is established by masonry still remaining, and baths, coins, tesserae, pottery, &c. found there. In Saxon times it was the principal place of the kingdom of Mercia, and a bishopric. In the ninth century it was one of the five Danish boroughs, but recovered in 920 by Ethelflæda, the daughter of Alfred. On the Conquest, a large share of Leicester was given to Hugh de Grentmesnel, nephew of the Conqueror, and Earls of Leicester, inhabiting a strong castle on the north of the town, succeeded him. They restored the ancient privileges of the place; and Mr. Thomson says:

"In the reign of Richard the First, and particularly in its concluding portion, the entries were numerous. As many as sixty members were enrolled in 1197, twenty-eight the next year, and one hundred and eleven the year following. Among the new members were Acon, the son of Simon of Peter; Andrew, the son of William of Assewi; Ralph, the son of Eadric; James of Fleckney; William the Long; Simon, the son of the alderman; Richard Gresgod; William, the man of Walter the mercer; Richard of Nicole [Lincoln]; Martin, the son of Eustace; Richard, the son of Edeline; Roger the villen; Simon 'with the beard' [*Simo cum barbo*]; Richard, the son of Roger [*Richard Rogerii*], or Rogerson; Hugh, the nephew of Hugh the currier; Robert Carleache; Ralph Curtis; Richard Brockenhevid [Brokenhead?]; Alwin the mercer; Henry, the nephew of William the palmer; Arnold, the son of Geoffrey the abbot (!); Samson the celler; William the stabler; Peter the carpenter; William the preacher; Adam the miller; and Walter the Fat. . . . The guild had its hall of meeting, its common-seal, its purse, and its mot-bell. About the year 1220, the bell was purchased, at the common expense of the guild, of Richard Cow, and placed in the custody of Adam of Winchester. In the forty-third of Henry the Third's reign, a new purse was purchased for the guild, at the cost of 6*d.*, and in the same year a new seal was bought for 4*s.* 6*d.* At one of the meetings of the guild, called, in the language of the time, 'mornwenspecher,' it is recorded, that 'Henry Hoahill stood out as a rebel, in full mornwenspech, against the mayor, telling him, he did not care more for him than he did for a stick, and making use of other contumelious words.' He was adjudged to pay two casks of wine; of which one was to go to the commonality of the guild, the other to the mayor. He pledged himself to find the wine before the feast of St. Margaret next ensuing, and afterwards kept his word. But Henry Hoahill was a quarrelsome burgess; for he was fined 2*s.* for a dispute with John Dode-man on a subsequent occasion. . . . Up to the middle of the thirteenth century, the chief person of the borough was called the alderman; after that date the designation of 'mayor' was made use of in its place. This functionary was obliged, it seems, to keep an account of the borough income and expenditure. His receipts were anciently derived from the fines paid by those who entered the guild, from the rent of two or three shops under the guildhall, and from taxes levied upon the community, and from money received at the bridges of Leicester. 'His worship' paid out of his

funds thus raised, for repairs done to the guild-hall and bridges, for the drawing up of the account, for gifts made to the earls and countesses and members of their households. Some bread and wine were thus sent to Henry, son of Simon de Montfort, on one occasion; and, at a much later period, Katherine Swynford, John of Gaunt's mistress, was presented with a pony and an iron platter! The most distinguished names were often among those to whom bread and wine were sent in this way. After the judges commenced their circuits, too, it was the custom for the townspeople to entertain them with the most sumptuous fare of the day, at one of the inns. The burgesses sent to parliament were paid 2*s.* per day, and frequently a horse and footboy were allowed them. On their return, they sometimes met their neighbours at a tavern, and related to them what the high personages of Westminster had done; or 'his worship,' with some of the brethren, talked over the state-affairs at an inn. 'Item (says the account of Edward Leveich, mayor, in the 17th of Edward III.), to the expenses of the mayor and many of the jurors disposing of the business of the community before parliament, at the tavern, for brevity of time, two flagons of wine, 12*d.*' . . . Simon de Montfort conceded two other charters to the inhabitants. One of them was to the effect, that no Jew or Jewess should reside in the town from the date of the deed 'until the end of the world.' . . . In addition to the various tolls and dues levied upon them by their earls, the townsmen had frequent talliages to raise for the kings. In the year 1271, a twentieth part of the moveables of the country was granted to Henry III. In Leicester, 480 persons contributed to the tax, the sum total being 96*l.* 8*s.* 10*d.* The value of the entire of the moveables was, therefore, about 1920*l.* in the money of that period. In the reigns of the first three Edwards, these talliages were frequently levied.* When a tenth of the moveables was raised in Edward III.'s reign, the sum of 26*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* was collected from the town, from 430 persons. This shews a falling-off in the number of tax-payers, when a comparison is made with the year 1271, of fifty persons; and the tax-payers were unquestionably the householders of the place."

From Mr. Wright's second paper, on the Archives of Winchester and Southampton, the following will be found generally, as well as locally, interesting:

"The spirit of destruction or preservation has manifested itself unequally in different places; for while in some towns the municipal records are preserved in almost uninterrupted succession since the thirteenth century, in others they scarcely reach back through two or three centuries. It is singular that, both in Winchester and in Southampton, there has occurred, at some period now unknown, an almost entire destruction of the records previous to the fifteenth century. The archives of Winchester, to which I have had ready access by the politeness of the mayor and the town-clerk, Mr. Bailey, who very kindly allowed me to take such documents as I wished to examine into his office, are not so numerous as might be expected in this ancient city, are rather meagre in their contents, and are not in a very good state of preservation. A large mass of the older documents, eaten up by rats and damp, are thrown together in an immense chest, in what appears to be a hopeless state of confusion. The municipal records of Southampton, as far as they go, are

* Many of the lists are in existence.

in an excellent state of preservation, and are tolerably well arranged, which increases greatly their utility; and I should be wanting in gratitude to the mayor and corporation of that place, if I omitted to state that, by a public order of the common council, they were placed entirely at my disposal, without any kind of restriction. . . . Among the most interesting of the municipal records, are the yearly accounts of the stewards or chamberlains of the town, containing the details of the receipts and expenditure of the corporation, and rich in notices illustrative not only of the domestic affairs of the place in former days, but also of the state of society in general in our island. At Winchester, these accounts are, in the earlier period, kept in small rolls of parchment, chiefly in Latin; and I have found such rolls of as early a date as the reign of Henry V., in dipping blindly into the chaos of the chest above-mentioned; at Southampton, these accounts are much fuller and more interesting, and are written in English in paper-books, which are continued in almost uninterrupted succession from the year 1432. The first book of the steward's accounts of the town of Southampton is peculiarly interesting, partly from the circumstance, that the town was, in that year, attacked by a French fleet, against which it appears to have made a successful resistance. It records various charges for mending and strengthening walls, and other warlike preparations, 'when the galleys were here.' On the first news of the invasion, men are sent in all directions to obtain intelligence of the danger; and we find such items as,—

"Item, payd to Ric. Assche for a man to ryde to Portsmouth, to bryng redyng tydynges out of Normandy of the freeshemen, xij*d*."

"Item, payd to Will. Taylour for hys labour and costes to ryde to Lepe, to inquire tydynges of the freeshemen, xij*d*."

Among other preparations for defence, several men were employed in helping 'the gunner' to make gunpowder for the occasion, who seem to have been not very expert; for one of them has a compensation for damage done to his clothes in this operation.

"To the said Johan, for a reward for burning of hys cloths, ij*s*."

Another entry runs thus:

"Item, payd to Davy, brewer, for a pyp of bere that was dronke at the Barrygate, when the first affray was of the freeshemen, v*s*, viij*d*."

It appears from other entries, that artificial sheds of wood were raised to cover the gunners from the enemy's fire, and that the first fight took place by candlelight!

"Item, payd for nayles to nayle the bordes to keete the gonner withall, iij*d*."

"Item, payd for vii. of candelles that were wasted in Godeshows towre and in the bolewerke, that nyght the first affray was, vi*d*."

"Item, payd to Ric. Smythe, for drynyng pottes that were bought of hym when the sowdyers of Salysbery dyed in the fires, ixd."

As soon as the Frenchmen are known to be near, the whole town appears to be in a bustle; and it is so ill provided against the sudden attack, that all the guns seem to have wanted repairs.

"Item, payd to Sawndere, lokyer, for the makyng of a band, and ij boltes and a cheyne, and viij florlokkes to the gone that standeth in Godeshows yeate, xij*d*."

"Item, payd to the sayd Sawndere, for the scowryng of a gone, and to make a new tiche-hole therein, viij*d*."

"Item, to the sayd Sawndere, for twystes and boltes for wyndows in the towre, that weythe xvii*s*, at i*d*. ob. the ii. xxiij*d*. ob."

"Item, to the sayd Sawndere, for ij bydynges of ij gonnes, eyther of theyme with iij bandes, that weyth xxiij*s*, at i*d*. ob. the ii. iij*s*."

* Near Lymington.

Item, to the sayd Sawndere, for iij rynges of yren to set upon schort staves to stoppe gonnes withall, viij*d*."

"Item, payd to burgyase Smythe, for the makyng of a muthe, and a bolt and ij chekys, and a bond, and a plate for the great gonne, that weyth xliij*s*, prec. the ii. j*d*. ob., summa vs. iij*d*. ob."

"Item, payd to the same burgyas, for a bolt and spykes and others here made to the Westkey yeate, payd by Johan Doun, iij*s*, x*d*. ob."

The alarm of this attack does not appear to have caused any interruption in the festivities in which the burgesses indulged; for we find in this same year the following items of the feast of the guild, which gives a good picture of a festive meal as served on the table in the earlier part of the fifteenth century:

"Expenses of the dyner of the gyld the xxi. day of Janecere."

Furst, payd for iij. capons, xviij*d*. ob.

Item, payd for viij. capons, iij*s*. iij*d*.

Item, payd for xij. pestellus of porke and ix. legges of beffe, iij*s*. ixd. ob.

Item, for xj. peece of befe, xij*d*.

Item, for iij*s*. almandez, xij*d*.

Item, for j*d*. of reysons and corans, iij*d*.

Item, j*d*. of dates, iij*d*.

Item, for maces, j*d*.

Item, for cloves, iij*d*.

Item, for safron, iij*d*.

Item, for pot sugure, j*d*.

Item, for xij. cople conyngges, vs.

Item, for ij. quarters colces, xij*d*.

Item, for oynons, iij*d*.

Item, for salt, j*d*.

Item, for stragere, iij*d*. ob.

Item, for egges, iij*d*.

Item, for a galon of muskadell, xij*d*.

Item, for a quart of teynt, iij*d*.

Item, for a quart of red wyn, iij*d*.

Item, for mustard, ob.

Item, for a galon of malvesy, xij*d*.

Item, for half a li. of gynger and synamond, xij*d*.

Item, to ij. men to torne the broches, iij*d*.

Item, for bred, iij*s*.

Item, in ale, vs. viij*d*. ob.

Item, for c. wod, viij*d*.

Item, for peschalm, j*d*.

Item, to won of the laborers in the kechyn, iij*s*.

Item, to Janyns, viij*d*.

Item, to ij. laborers to set tabuls, formes, and help in the kechyn, viij*d*.

Item, for candelis, j*d*.

Item, for x. capons that were borowde of my master the meyre, iij*s*. iij*d*.

Item, to iij. players of Seynt Cros, v*s*. viij*d*.

Summa, xliij*s*. v*d*. ob."

In the same year we have the following payments to minstrels:

"Expenses of mynstrellus."

Furst, payd to my master the meyre, that my lordes mynstrellus of Arondelle had the xxviij. day of Janecere, iij*s*. iij*d*.

Item, payd to my mastre the meyre for my lordys mynstrellus of Somerset, v*s*. iij*s*. iij*d*.

Item, payd to my mastre the meyre for the mynstrellus of Salysbery, xij*d*.

Item, payd to my mastre the meyre for my lordys mynstrellus of Shrewsbury, iij*s*. iij*d*.

Item, payd to my mastre the meyre for my lord of Exceetre ys mynstrellus, iij*s*. iij*d*.

Item, payd to my mastre the meyre for my lord of Warewkyys mynstrellus, iij*s*. iij*d*.

Item, payd to my mastre the meyre for my lord of Bokynghamys mynstrellus, iij*s*. iij*d*.

Item, payd to my mastre the meyre for my lord of Yorke ys mynstrellus, iij*s*. iij*d*.

Item, payd to my mastre the meyre for mynstrellus of my lord of Caunterbery, xxd.

Item, payd to my mastre the meyre for mynstrellus of my lord of Schrewsbury, and of my lord Deven-schyres, that come jointly togethere, iij*s*. iij*d*.

Summa, xxxix. iij*d*."

The following entries are taken from the steward's books of Southampton for the year 1562; they wind up in rather a melancholy manner:

"Presentes for the kynges cheff juges."

Item, payde to mystrys Whynes for j. galon off malmyssy, xij*d*.

Item, for j. galon off seke, viij*d*.

Item, for j. galon off Gascon wyne, prec. viij*d*.

Item, payd for hys horses and hys menes mete at Harry Clarkes and at the Dollryn, xxviij*s*. viij*d*.

Item, payd for fysche at Mr. Mayers howes, v*s*. iij*d*. ob.

Item, payd to my lord off Arondelles menstrelles for there rewardes, xxd.

Item, payd for mete and drynke for the prisoners when they dyd take the rytes, xxd.

Item, payd for haitres and for carter and the hangman and the pytmaker and the prest to bery them, viij*d*.

Item, payd to the guners at the kynges scheffe jugges departing, viij*d*.

Summa, xlii. v*d*. ob."

Another payment of regular occurrence in these books, which appears singular according to modern notions, is that of the wages of the members of parliament. In the year 1432, the date of the earliest register of the corporation of Southampton, we have an entry of their payment to the mayor, who represented the town in that parliament:

"Item, payd the iij. day of Aprill to my master the meyre in party of payment of hys parlament wages, xlii."

In the account-rolls of the city of Winchester for the 8th year of the reign of Henry VI., W. Fromond receives 4*l*. in January, and 4*l*. 15*s*. in April, and Thomas Dunster receives in the last mentioned month 4*l*. 13*s*., for their wages as members of parliament, which were estimated at so much a day. The steward's registers of the town of Southampton are particularly interesting for the light they throw upon the history of artillery and gunpowder. In 1435, among the stores delivered to the new steward of the town, are enumerated four great cannons, fitted with iron, of which the weight is not specified, two brass cannons, and 'two little cannons called pellet-guns, namely, one of iron and the other of brass, fitted with wood.' . . . The gunner at this time was an important personage, and his house appears to have been kept up at the expense of the corporation. In 1450, we find the following payments by the corporation of Southampton:—

"Also paid to Johan Perys, the viijth daye of Marche, for dowbyng of the hous there the gonner dwelith by viij. dayes, takyng by the daye v*d*. Summa, iij*s*."

Item, paid to William Long for dowbyng there by viij. dayes, takyng by the daye vi*d*. Summa, viij*s*."

It would appear, by the names of the persons mentioned in the following entries, that they employed foreigners (perhaps these are a Dutchman and an Italian) to make their gunpowder when they were in want of it.

"Costes doon in makyng of gonne pouldre."

"Paid to Johan Vanderson and to Andrew Gowdrych for v. days wages, to fyne the salte petre which was receyvyd of Thomas Holman, conteyning ix. score lb., and xviij. lb. when hit was purified, they takyng eche of them v*d*. a day.—Summa vs."

Item, for j. c. of woode for to fyne the said salte-petre, viij*d*.

Item, for j. bushelle of lyme for the same saltepetre, iij*d*.

Item, for j. bushelle ashez for the same, iij*d*.

Item, for ij. flates to occupy aboute the same stuffe, x*d*.

Item, for j. empty pp. to sarse the gonnes pouldre in, x*d*.

Item, for the makyng of iij. xxij*d*. of gonne pouldre made by Johan Vanderson and Andrew Gowdrieh, paid xvij*s*."

For ij. empti barett bougte of Thomas Danyett cost xviij*d*.

Item, for pannys, cawderons, y-borrowed for to make the said pouldre in. Summa iij*d*.

Summa xxx. viij*d*."

Among the numerous curious entries of a miscellaneous nature with which these registers abound, I will only cite the following payments for the making of the cuckingstool, here called a scoldingstool, of the town of Southampton, in the year last mentioned:

"Costes doon in makyng of the scoldingstool."

Furst, paid for j. peece tymber boughte of Robert Orchiere for the same stole, x*d*.

* The archives of this town, so liberally and handsomely thrown open to Mr. Wright for the Association, seem to us to be particularly deserving of a thorough and searching investigation. If they went a little farther back, and embraced the fourteenth century, they would be invaluable. But still for later times they appear to be extremely curious.—*Ed. L. G.*

For carriage of the same fro Hille to the west hille, *lijd.*

Item, for sawing of the same piece in *ijj. peces, viijd.*

Item, for *ijj. boltes* and *ij. pinnes* of iron for the same stoole, *vid.*

Item, for the wheeles to convey the said stole by commandement of the meyre, *ijj. lijd.*

Item, paid to Robert Orcherd for the making of the said stoole and wheeles, for *ijj. days* labour to him and his man, *xd. the day, summa ijs. vjd.*

Summa *xx. viijd. ob.*

I may also notice, as occurring in the first register of the town of Southampton, A.D. 1432, the uncommon name of Napoleon.

"Item, r. of the sayd Johan the xxvj. day of Sept. a hille fro Edward Catayn dyrett to Napolyon Spynelle of *viijth.*"

Another class of documents of considerable importance are the journals of the town council, which commenced at Southampton in the reign of Henry VIII., and which at Winchester go back to about the same date. It is hardly necessary to describe the nature of these documents. . . . The following entry from the corporation-journals of Southampton, of the date of Monday, Jan. 6, 1647, when Charles I. had arrived at Carisbrook Castle, affords a very singular instance of municipal 'prudence.'

"Mr. Mayr is desired to wright to Mr. Exont to know his opinion for the sending a present of household provision to his majesty at Carisbroke Castle."

The municipal archives of Southampton contain one of the most interesting documents which I have yet met with in such a situation, a complete code of naval legislation, written in Norman French, on vellum, in a hand apparently of the earlier half of the fourteenth century. It is well deserving of being printed. Among the records of Winchester I observed a roll of charters and wills, extending from the end of the reign of Edward III. to that of Henry IV., valuable for the history of property within the city and liberties. There are probably other documents of value among the confused contents of the great chest to which I have already alluded."

Thursday was devoted to excursions, mingling relaxation with such archaeological inquiries as were presented by the way. One party, with the President and Secretary Smith, visited Bittern, the seat of Mrs. Stewart Hall (which occupies the picturesque and well chosen site of the Roman station of *Claesentum*), and thence to Netley and Southampton; and another went to Romsey, *alias* Rumsey,* and others scatter-

* We have before us *An Essay descriptive of the Abbey Church of Romsey* (2d edition, published by C. L. Lordan, there), and a very neat and neatly ornamented little hand-book of 124 pages. It appears from its contents, that this church offers a wide field for architectural opinion, as its alterations and patchings, from age to age (its beautifications before churchwardens were invented to spoil and destroy the finest remains of architecture); present some eight or ten kinds of styles, from *temp.* Edward Confessor, or about 900, the date of its supposed foundation, through the lapse of the centuries since elapsed to the present day of Churchwarden Jenvey. Without going into details, we can pronounce this to be a very satisfactory production and useful guide. Some of its dates are a little confused; but none know, except those who try, how difficult, and in many cases how impossible it is to reconcile chronology—the investigation of by-past times. We shall therefore only notice the account of the Abbess Mary, the youngest daughter of King Stephen, whose name figures secularly in our history. It is stated, that Matilda succeeded Hadewis, in or about 1155, and yet Mary is mentioned as having come from being Prioresse of Hingham to be Abbess of Romsey, and to have presided there till 1199 or 60, when she married Matthew, and conveyed to him the sovereignty of the county of Boulogne. In 1165 they witnessed a charter; in 1168 their territories were heavily endangered: in 1169 or 70 she separated from her husband; in 1173 or 4 he had not only married again a princess Eleanor, but was killed in battle; and in 1180 or 1182 she died in a French convent. Now these dates are possible, but the earliest of them especially improbable.

ed themselves over the land, examining old churches, looking over collections of coins and other small relics, inspecting Salisbury, and, in short, skirting the whole country round in search of antiquarian remains.

The division which went to Bittern were highly gratified by their hospitable reception and entertainment there (even in the unavoidable absence of its liberal and enlightened proprietress); and their promenade through the grounds revealed many interesting Roman antiquities—such as inscribed altars (especially of several to the usurper Tetricus), fragments of architecture, &c., and, indeed, the distinct marks of Roman footsteps to be traced in all around, and extending from the garden-walls to the beautiful little islet opposite to them—no doubt once a Tusculum to some wealthy and powerful leader of that people, or perhaps a cemetery. Everywhere about are found Roman and Saxon coins, and other vestiges of ancient times, of which Mrs. S. Hall has a rich museum, thrown open on this occasion to her inquisitive company. Among the coins we may mention that a *unique* Saxon *Seantta* was discovered, and verified and explained by Messrs. Rolfe, Haigh, and Roach Smith.

The drive to Netley, and stroll among its beautiful ruins—the day being very propitious—with the observations of well-informed members upon the most striking features of architecture and construction, was a great treat; and the journey back to Winchester, *via* Southampton, finished a delightful day with abundance of matter whereupon to converse and receive further illustration.

The party who went to Romsey spent a considerable time in inspecting the fine and venerable church there, which is undergoing a general repair and restoration, by subscription, for the most part in good and correct taste; but the new font is a failure in itself, besides being misplaced in the front of the altar-rails, instead of its proper position—the west end of the nave. Several of the arches had formerly been barbarously built or blocked up, as was the case at the cathedral of Hereford; but those at Romsey are now opened; though some still remain in the same state, from the congregation requiring, it is presumed, some protection from the draughts of cold air in the winter.

In spite of the pleasant labours of the day, the archaeologists held an evening meeting, and afterwards attended a *soirée* given by J. N. Hughes, Esq., one of the magistrates of the county, and the possessor, among a mass of antiquities, of a valuable historical treasure in the Private Papers of the Fairfax Family, relating chiefly to the stirring events of the 17th century, and purchased at the sale of Leeds Castle, where they had lain unknown and unappreciated till fortunately purchased by Mr. Hughes. Of these documents, one of considerable length and romantic interest was read to the company by Mr. Wright. It gave an account of the active part taken by Brian Fairfax in the intrigues of Monk, and the Fairfaxes against Lambert, which ended in the restoration of Charles II. The young Brian's adventures in his journeys across the Border-frontiers created a lively sensation, and could hardly be surpassed by the inventions of a Scott or a James!

At the previous meeting Mr. Haigh commenced the proceedings by reading a paper descriptive of Holy Trinity Church, Acaster Malbis, near York; a very curious and interesting example of the commencement of the 14th century; accompanied by a sketch, elevation, and details, drawn to scale by Mr.

Edward Bruce of Leeds, one of the youngest working members of the Association.

Among other papers were remarks on Roman pavements recently discovered at Tarrant Hinton, Dorset, by Mr. William Shipp; and an original letter communicated by the Rev. Dr. Edward Hincks, from an individual of the name of Hamilton (in London) to James VI., in which the writer gives a detailed account of the capture of the Earl of Essex in his famous conspiracy; and offers a different version of that memorable affair from the received historical relations of Camden and subsequent authors. He seems to excuse Essex from the charge of treason, and represent him as the more innocent victim of Raleigh, Cobham, and that party.

The whole of Friday was occupied with three meetings, and papers read at them, of which, with a few we have passed over, not being quite certain of the order in which they appeared, we shall give a brief summary in our next; and conclude for the present with stating that at the evening meeting Mr. Wright called for information from members present on the subject of a church in Winchester, that of St. Thomas, which it was reported to be the intention of the parish to destroy in order to build another in its place. Messrs. Waller and C. Bailey said that they had visited the church in question, and that it contained some architectural portions of very early Early English, which rendered it in their opinion the most interesting parish-church in the city. This gave rise to an animated discussion as to how far the Association ought to interfere or dictate in these cases, in which several members took part. Mr. Wright said that one of the chief objects of the Association was to hinder the unnecessary destruction of monuments, and this he thought might in all cases be done without any meddling interference, or anything like dictating. He was quite willing to allow that works of public utility ought not to be impeded by the mere love of preserving antiquarian curiosities; but he thought that at all events what was doomed to be destroyed should be carefully examined and drawn. Few monuments were destroyed in consequence of the mere love of destruction—they more generally fell a sacrifice to the incapacity of appreciating their value in the persons to whom they were entrusted; and the attempt to enlighten these, or give them any information or suggestions, could not be looked upon as dictation. The annual visits and excursions of the Association were peculiarly calculated to exert a conservative influence in cases of this kind. It appeared that in the present instance more accurate information was wanting both as to the real character of the building, and as to the degree of injury with which it was menaced. He would therefore suggest that some of the members present, who had made church-architecture their study, should report upon the church, and then, if necessary, they might confer with the incumbent. The meeting seemed to agree in this opinion, and the church was again visited on the Saturday morning, and we believe the report was in favour of its preservation.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

June 26th.—Lord Colburn, vice-president, in the chair. The paper read was "On the site of Memphis, and the colossal statue of Metreheh, a cast of the head of which has been presented to the British Museum," by Mr. Jos. Bonomi. We are told by Herodotus that Menes founded the city of Memphis in the narrowest part of Egypt, and erected therein a vast and re-

nowned temple to Vulcan; that to this temple Menes added the northern propylon; that Sesostris, when returning from his conquests, made further additions to the building, and placed in front of it statues of himself and his wife, thirty cubits high, and four others representing his sons, twenty cubits high; that finally Proteus, the second Memphian monarch in succession from Sesostris, added a sanctuary to the south side of the temple, within the sacred precincts of which was a small temple dedicated to Venus the stranger. Diodorus, who likewise describes the statues of Sesostris and his family, agrees with Herodotus in his account of them, except that he places the statues within (*dv*), and Herodotus before or without (*τῶν*) the propylon. This difference, the writer shewed, admits of being reconciled, by considering, 1st, that it was the custom of the Egyptians to place colossal statues in either of the situations apparently indicated; or 2dly, that the authors who thus seem to disagree were conducted through the edifice they describe in different directions, so that each relates correctly the facts as they appeared to him. But he also shewed further, that the difference rather corroborates both accounts than invalidates either, when the evidences, both local and historical, are weighed which tend to establish the fact, that the statue of Metreheh is the identical statue of Sesostris described by both Herodotus and Diodorus. Adverting, after these remarks, to the statue itself (a very careful drawing of which was laid on the table), Mr. Bonomi pointed out the features as alone sufficient to convince those who are acquainted with the undoubted likenesses of the Egyptian conqueror; but referred at the same time, for more complete satisfaction, to the hieroglyphics inscribed on the breast, and repeated on the belt, and again on the scroll in the hand. The next step was, to prove that this figure is not only a statue of the Sesostris of the Greeks (Ramesses II.), but also that it is that particular statue of the monarch which stood in or before the temple at Memphis. With this view, Mr. Bonomi pointed out the figures of Pthah (Vulcan) and his sister Pasht, likewise indicated on the breast and belt of the statue. He further observed, that the height of the statue corresponds nearly to the measure given by the historian. Finally, to complete the chain of evidence, it was shewn, from local circumstances pointed out in a plan sketched by the writer himself, compared with the ancient descriptions, that the place called Metreheh by the Arabs, where this remarkable monument now lies half buried in the sand of the desert, is really the site of Memphis.

FINE ARTS.

THE LATE JOHN CONSTABLE.

As being in this portion of our review more strictly connected with the fine arts, than in the introductory part, we have thought it advisable to transfer the continuation of our remarks, &c., on Mr. Constable's life to this division of the *Gazette*. We proceed with our selection of passages interesting to artist and amateur.

1822. "As to painting on gold grounds (writes Mr. C.), it is all over with the *alchemy* of the art, I hope never to be revived again. Yet dark ages may return, and there are always dark minds in enlightened ones. In the early German and Italian pictures, gold was used for glories, &c., and made to appear as a thing unconnected with the painting, and so far supernatural; and this has been done as late

as Carlo Dolce, and it sometimes appears very beautiful when blended into transparent colour behind the heads of saints, &c. But still it looks like trick, and Correggio was above all trick, nor do I believe he ever resorted to any such nonsense to aid his brightness. I have sent my large picture to the Academy. I never worked so hard before. I do not know that it is better than my others; but perhaps fewer vulgar objections can be made to it. (The writing is here interrupted by a beautiful pen-sketch, which has the force of a mezzotinto engraving). The composition is almost totally changed from what you saw. I have taken away the sail, and added another barge in the middle of the picture, with a principal figure, altered the group of trees, and made the bridge entire. The picture has now a rich centre, and the right hand side becomes only an accessory. I have endeavoured to paint with more delicacy, but hardly any body has seen it. I hear of some excellent pictures. I am going into Suffolk about an altar-piece, a gift from a gentleman. * * * is annoyed by your designating his old masters trash. He goes by the rule of name."

"I have been to see David's picture of 'The Coronation of the Empress Josephine.' It does not possess the common language of the art, much less any thing of the oratory of Rubens or Paul Veronese, and in point of execution it is below notice; still I prefer it to the productions of those among our historical painters who are only holding on to the tail of the shirt of Carlo Maratti, simply because it does not remind me of the schools. I could not help feeling as I did when I last wrote to you of what I saw at the British Institution. Should there be a National Gallery (which is talked of), there will be an end of the art in poor old England, and she will become, in all that relates to painting, as much a nonentity as every other country that has one. The reason is plain; the manufacturers of pictures are then made the criterions of perfection, instead of nature."

And at this period Mr. Leslie observes:

"Those who are old enough to compare the present state of painting among us with what it was before the continent was thrown open to our artists, cannot but have misgivings as to the advantage of foreign travel to British students. If, as it may be feared, we are more and more losing sight of nature, it may be less owing to the influence of the National Gallery, than to the example from abroad of, I will not call it imitation, but *mimicry*, of early art. This is so easy a thing to succeed in, and is so well calculated to impose on ourselves and others a belief that we possess the spirit of the primitive ages of art, that we cannot too carefully guard against its seduction. The purity of heart belonging to childhood is, no doubt, as desirable to the painter as to the Christian, but we do not acquire this by merely imitating the *lisp* of infancy."

"Mr. Outley (says Constable) called this morning. I was introduced to him by Sir George Beaumont. He was much pleased, and stayed a long time, and looked at a good many things. He is more of a connoisseur than an artist, and therefore full of objections. A good undoer, but little of a doer, and with no originality of mind. He invited me to drink tea with him.—Mr. Appleton, the tub-maker, of Tottenham Court Road, called to know if I had a damaged picture which I could let him have cheap, as he is fitting up a room up one pair of stairs. * * * Went to tea with Mr. Outley. Saw some beautiful prints. Such a collection

of Waterloo's etchings I never saw. There was also an abundance of his own things, which gave me a great deal of pain; so laborious, so tasteless, and so useless, but very plausible. They were all of the single leaf,* and chiefly laurels, weeds, hops, grapes, and bell vines; and ten thousand of them. He is a very clever writer and a good man. He says he has lost a great deal by his publications on art."

"July 7th. Took tea with Richard. The Chalons and Newton there. A pleasant evening. Saw in a newspaper on the table a paragraph mentioning the arrival of my pictures in Paris. They have caused a stir, and the French critics by profession are very angry with the artists for admiring them. All this is amusing enough, but they cannot get at me on this side of the water, and I shall not go there."

Exhibition of 1826. "Turner never gave me so much pleasure or so much pain before. Callcott has a fine picture of a picturesque boat driven before the wind on a stormy sea; it is simple, grand, and affecting. He has another large work, not so good, rather too quakerish, as Turner is too yellow; but every man who distinguishes himself stands on a precipice. Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits of Peel and Canning are very fine. He has a lady playing on a guitar hanging by Turner, and you seem to hear its imperfect sounds over his 'wide watered shore.' 'Canning' is over the fireplace, 'An Entombment,' by Westall, at the bottom of the room, and Etry's 'Judgment of Paris' on the west side centre; the details of this shew we shall soon analyse together. Chantrey loves painting, and is always up stairs. He works now and then on my pictures, and yesterday he joined our group, and after exhausting his jokes on my landscape, he took up a dirty palette, threw it at me, and was off. Presently he came back, and asked me if I had seen a beastly landscape by * * *. It is so indeed. The voice in my favour is universal, it is my 'best picture.' * * * has some of his heartless, atrocious landscapes in Seymour Street, and has sent to consult me on them. How shall I get out of such an infernal scrape? Truth is out of the question. What part can I then play?"

"I have often (says Mr. Leslie) observed with surprise, how readily Constable would make alterations in his pictures by the advice of persons of very little judgment. While finishing the picture of the Dell, he was one day beset with a great many suggestions from a very shallow source; and after adopting some of them, he felt inclined to make a stand, which he did by saying to his adviser, 'Very true; but don't you see that I might go on, and make this picture so good, that it would be good for nothing?'"

1831. "British art, which had so recently sustained great losses by the deaths of Owen and Lawrence, now again suffered heavily by the death of Jackson, who had stood with them, and occasionally perhaps before either of them, in the first rank of portraiture. He had lingered for some time in a decline, and as his residence was near mine, Constable heard of his death from me. 'June 2d. Dear Leslie,—Your note this morning first informed me of the departure of poor dear Jackson. One is so apt to believe that all things which give us pleasure are always to continue, that when these sad events do come, and come they must, we are the more appalled and afflicted. It seems impossible that we are to see that dear

* "He means that every single leaf was drawn, without attention to the masses."

fellow no more. He is a great loss to the Academy and to the public. By his friends he will be for ever missed, and he had no enemy. He did a great deal of good, much more, I believe, than is generally known, and he never did harm to any creature living. My sincere belief is, that he is at this moment in heaven.' * *

"July 5th. My dear Leslie, I returned from Suffolk yesterday to attend the council. I left my little girls with my family there, very happy and 'comfordil.' Nothing can exceed the beauty of the country; it makes pictures appear sad trumpery, even those that have most of nature; what must those be that have it not!

"Lord N***** is a better creature, but he esteems 'our own Glover' too much to like our disowned Constable. One picture he had of Glover, the foreground of which consisted of one hundred flower-pots all in a row as thus (here a sketch), the sun was shining bright, but they cast no shadow. Varley, the astrologer, has just called on me, and I have bought a little drawing of him. He told me how to 'do landscape,' and was so kind as to point out all my defects. The price of the drawing was 'a guinea and a half to a gentleman, and a guinea only to an artist;' but I insisted on his taking the larger sum, as he had clearly proved to me that I was no artist. * *

"I am much interested with your account of the pictures at Petworth. I remember most of Turner's early works; amongst them was one of singular intricacy and beauty; it was a canal with numerous boats, making thousands of beautiful shapes, and I think the most complete work of genius I ever saw. The Claude I well know; grand and solemn, but cold, dull, and heavy; a picture of his old age. Claude's exhilaration and light departed from him when he was between fifty and sixty, and he then became a professor of the 'higher walks of art,' and fell in a great degree into the manner of the painters around him; so difficult it is to be natural, so easy to be superior in our own opinion. When we have the pleasure of being together at the National Gallery, I think I shall not find it difficult to illustrate these remarks, as Carr has sent a large picture of the latter description. Hobbema, if he misses colour, is very disagreeable, as he has neither shapes nor composition. Your mention of a solemn twilight by Gainsborough has awakened all my sympathy; do pray make me a sketch of it of some kind or other, if it is only a slight splash. As to meeting you in these grand scenes, dear Leslie, remember the great were not made for me, nor I for the great; things are better as they are. My limited and abstracted art is to be found under every hedge and in every lane, and therefore nobody thinks it worth picking up; but I have my admirers, each of whom I consider an host. * *

"Manner is always seductive. It is more or less an imitation of what has been done already, therefore always plausible. It promises the short road, the near cut to present fame and emolument, by availing ourselves of the labours of others. It leads to almost immediate reputation, because it is the wonder of the ignorant world. It is always accompanied by certain blandishments, shewy and plausible, and which catch the eye. As manner comes by degrees, and is fostered by success in the world, flattery, &c., all painters who would be really great should be perpetually on their guard against it. Nothing but a close and continual observance of nature can protect them from the danger of becoming mannerists. 'Is it not folly,' said Mr. Northcote to me in the exhibi-

tion, as we were standing before ****'s picture, 'for a man to paint what he can never see? is it not sufficiently difficult to paint what he does see?' This delightful lesson leads me to ask, what is painting but an imitative art? an art that is to realise, not to feign. I constantly observe that every man who will not submit to long toil in the imitation of nature, flies off, becomes a phantom, and produces dreams of nonsense, and abortions. He thinks to screen himself under 'a fine imagination,' which is generally, and almost always in young men, the scape-goat of folly and idleness."

We reserve the selection of anecdotes, &c., for our next sheet.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

CHARTERHOUSE-SQUARE INFIRMARY:—
AUXILIARY SOCIETY.

WE were much gratified in dining with this society, in the progress of which the *Gazette* has taken much interest, on Wednesday, at Highbury Barn. It was a meeting such as we think could only be seen in England; and possessed every constituent to recommend it to the better feelings of mankind. The Charterhouse Infirmary, as the public know, is an institution for the cure of intestinal maladies, founded about ten years ago by Mr. Frederick Salmon, who has directed all his surgical skill to this species of complaint, and carried prosperously through the difficulties attendant upon such undertakings, to its present high position, chiefly by his indomitable energy, zeal, and humane and successful practice. In the progress of time a number of patients belonging to the mechanical or working classes—not of the distressed poor, but of the industrious order who live humbly but independently by the sweat of their brows, and cannot possess superfluous means for the purchase of medical aid when visited by disease—a number of these individuals, we repeat, having experienced great benefits from this institution, voluntarily resolved to band themselves together, and evince their gratitude by contributing what they could afford to the parent society, to be applied to extend the relief they had experienced to more indigent sufferers. This was a truly noble and Christian design—worthy of imitation by the highest ranks in the empire; and it was a sincere delight to us to sit down at table with nearly two hundred of these worthy men, and partake with them a substantial English meal, seasoned with sauces far above the reach of the most refined epicurism. Good order, regularity, quietude, temperance, right common sense, intelligence, respectability of appearance, and very considerable talent (in the few who were called on to speak), distinguished this assemblage, ably presided over by one of themselves, Mr. Martin, whose addresses were not only appropriately brief and pertinent, but expressed with a simple eloquence, flowing from the heart, which would have done credit to any of our most practised masters of rhetoric.

We were present, two or three months ago, and gave a short account of the presentation of a handsome service of plate to Mr. Salmon, from the friends and patrons of the infirmary; but the impression of that ceremony (though it must have been very gratifying to the individual) could not for an instant compare with the tribute from this meeting. The language of the speakers, warm and sincere as it was, fell far short of the looks of gratitude which beamed from the countenances of the majority in the room; and when they talked of being rescued from intense agonies, and from the edge of the grave—of their restoration to their

wives and families, and being restored to health to work for and maintain them, instead of their being pauper-widows and houseless orphans—the suffusion of many a heart-touched eye was marked by the action of many a hard and honest hand.

And why do we dwell on this picture, whilst we are generally satisfied to contribute our modicum of aid to other more showy, yet excellent, charities, by a few lines in our journal? It is because we would beg the earnest attention of all to the great lesson it teaches, and to the most important fact, that the conduct of the humbler orders in our immense community will be influenced and regulated by the manner in which they are treated. Shew them consideration and sympathy, that you feel for and desire to alleviate their hardships, and that you adopt the best practical measures to carry your wishes to serve them into effect, and you may depend upon it the result will be such as we have here described—a condition of things to be cherished by every patriot, and a relation between the rich and poor that would conduce beyond calculation to the happiness of both, and the strength and security of the British empire.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SWALLOW.

From "Songs of Summer."

Is not the swallow the happiest bird
Of all that skim the air?
The moment the wintry wind is heard,
Stripping the branches bare,
Away he flies to a warmer clime,—
With him 'tis ever sweet summer-time!
Oh, how my raptured soul would rejoice—
I'd not change my lot for a king's—
Could I at winter's first shivering voice
But borrow the swallow's wings,
And flee away to some genial clime
Where 'tis evermore sweet summer-time!
Not only the warmth of the outward sky,
Not that do I crave alone;
More deeply I sigh away to fly
From this heartless frigid zone,
To one where no blight, no chill, no change,
Can e'er the loving and loved estrange!
Give me the heart that with feeling o'erflows,
Like a cup o'erflowing with wine;
That to love and friendship opens, like the rose
To the dew and the bright sunshine!
Be mine that warmest and dearest clime,
The heart where 'tis ever sweet summer-time!

ELEANOR DARRBY.

VARIETIES.

Examples!—The Royal Hibernian Academy, having opened its exhibition to the people at the charge of one penny each, 1300 persons visited it on the first day, and nearly 4000 on a subsequent day. All the catalogues, 400 in number, were sold. The Dean of Durham has written to Mr. Hume, congratulating him on the recent extension of access to Westminster Abbey, and stating, that the cathedral of Durham has been unrestrictedly open to the public for years, and not a single act of the slightest injury committed. In London, at this time, Westminster Hall receives miscellaneous company gratuitously five days in the week. No mischief is done, and it does one's heart good to see the orderly behaviour and hear the sensible remarks of parties, looking at the paintings and sculpture, though in dresses of a poor description.

Ballooning.—Mr. Green, it seems, nearly lost his life on Wednesday night, in descending near Gravesend from the pyrotechnical flights from Vauxhall Gardens. Surely a humane and sensible public ought to discourage such risks. If the blaze of fireworks from a balloon is a fine sight, it would be equally fine, and more ingenious, if they were discharged by means of mechanism, and without a human being in the

midst of them to create apprehension and disgust. And these midnight ascents must, in themselves, be attended with great danger; for no help can be expected where the machine alights in darkness at such unseasonable hours. The decline of Rome was marked by an increased appetite for the gladiatorial murders in the arena; and the brutal Romans are still copied in the brutal bull-fights of Spain. Heaven keep England from entering again into the tract, since civilisation has abolished our bull-baiting, bear-baiting, badger-baiting, cockthrowing, and other demoralising sports of former times!

Religious Feuds.—The explosion of the religious revolution which has sprung up in Germany is beginning to make itself more conspicuous. Serious riots have taken place in several towns, and lives, we believe, have been lost. The Romish clergy are up in arms, and Ronge and his adherents shew no disposition to avoid the conflict. In our next we hope to investigate this remarkable phenomenon.

The Memoirs of an Umbrella has now reached us in monthly form; and we must say the interest of the tale has increased with its progress, and that Mr. Rodwell's humour and hits at folly as it flies are very amusing.

Prodigious Fossil Animal.—The *Mobile Daily Advertiser* of May 23 announces the discovery by Dr. Koch of another prodigious fossil animal in the yellow limestone formation of the county of Washington and state of Alabama. In consequence of the trick he played to increase the stature of the Missouriium (now so greatly reduced in size in the British Museum, whither it was taken, with its fraudulent additions, from the Egyptian Hall a few years ago) we are not inclined to pin our faith to this new discovery, to which the finder has given the euphonious name of *Zeulodon Sillimanii*. He describes the skeleton as that of the king of reptiles, in length 104 feet; the solid parts of the vertebrae from 14 to 18 inches long and 8 to 12 in diameter; its jaws very long, and armed with forty foreteeth (incisors), 10 dog-teeth or tusks, and 8 grinders fitting into each other when the jaws are closed, and proving the animal to be carnivorous. The eyes large and prominent, limbs like oars or fins, but small in proportion to the size of the body. The Doctor is putting the parts together, and no doubt it will be a formidable monster.

Nineveh Remains.—A considerable portion of the remains rescued from the ruins of Nineveh have been safely transported to Bagdad, on their way to Paris.

Antiquities near Ostia.—Some relics of ancient sculpture have been discovered in this neighbourhood of so interesting a character as to encourage farther researches. They consist of statues, basso-relievos, urns, &c., and an inscribed stone, "Munitius C C triginta in agro et viginiquinque in fronte posuit;" the exact import of which is disputed.

The Wetterhorn has, it is said, been ascended by a young Englishman, the first who has ever reached its perilous summit.

Roman Antiquities.—The journals mention the discovery of a Roman theatre and temple, and many coins, vases, images, Samian vessels, &c., of much antiquarian interest, in the department of Nievre.

A new Degree of Relationship.—It has been truly said, that there is nothing new under the sun. One asked Mister Patrick Maguire if he knew Mr. Tim Duffy? "Know him!" answered he, "why he is a very near relation of mine: he onst proposed to marry my sister Kate!"

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

* * * The multitude of pamphlets, controversial tracts, and other publications we receive for and against Puseyism, on apostolical succession, on the grant to Maynooth, on education in Ireland, on doctrinal points of Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, on miracles, and many other subjects which now distract the religious and political world, crowd our table to such an extent, that it is out of our power to enumerate, and far more to treat, them individually. In many cases there seems to us to be what is vulgarly called "a bad boiling;" but let us hope that, when the ferment is over and the scum taken off, a pure and good condiment may be found at the bottom. Our age boasts so much of progress and enlightenment, that it is a ludicrous, otherwise it would be a sadder, sight to see men so little advanced beyond what we are pleased to call "the dark ages."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Grammar of the Irish Language, by J. O'Donovan, 8vo, 16s., cloth.—The Soldier's Crown, shewing the Power of Grace, 12mo, 2s.—Ornaments and Embellishments of the Temple Church, London, from Drawings by Essex, and Descriptions by Smirke, 4to, 2l. 2s.—The Boy's Keepsake, 18mo, 2s.—History of England, by the Rev. G. A. Poole, Vol. II, 12mo, 4s. 6d.—Poems, Scriptural, Classical, and Miscellaneous, by the Rev. R. C. Cox, 12mo, 7s.—The Globes, Terrestrial and Celestial, by A. De Morgan, 8vo, 5s.—Elements of Geometry, for the Boys of the Royal Hospital Schools, Greenwich, Pt. I, 18mo, 2s.—Discoveries in Central Australia, by E. J. Eyre, 2 vols., 8vo, 1l. 16s.—Concise View of the Ordinance of Baptism, by W. Urwich, 12mo, 1s. 6d.—Connexion between Religion and the State, by W. Urwich, 12mo, 1s. 6d.—Journey over the Region of Fulfilled Prophecy, by the Rev. J. A. Wylie, 18mo, 1s. 6d.—Scenes on the Shores of the Atlantic, 2 vols., post 8vo, 1l. 1s.—Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, by Dyce, Vol. IX, 8vo, 12s.—Subjects and Selections for Greek and Latin Composition, by the Rev. R. Dobson, 12mo, 2s.—Bromsgrove Greek Grammar for Beginners, 12mo, 2s. 6d.—E. M. de Belem's Spanish Word and Phrase Book, 18mo, each 1s.—Bunyan's Life, written by himself, 12mo, 2s.—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Bagster's Illustrated Edit., 12mo, 3s. 6d.—The Nature, Faculties, &c., of the Human Soul, by the Rev. W. Neville, fcp.—Family Prayers for Every Day in the Week, 12mo, 2s.—The Thirty-nine Articles explained, by J. F. Dimock, Vol. II., 8vo, 7s. 6d.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Theologian, No. VI., is acknowledged with thanks. Not having seen the preceding numbers, we can only say that the present contains articles of solid ability. The review of Tytler's *History of Scotland*, though severe, does justice to Hailes, and corrects some rather grave historical errors; and the review of the *Festivals of Creation*, taking up a disputed ground so as to narrow the argument, is nevertheless a very powerful production.

We can only give our best thanks to "A Collector and Contributor."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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THE ATTENTION OF ASSURERS is particularly directed to the detailed Prospectuses of this Company. Assurances can be effected on a profit or non-profit scale, and for short periods at a very moderate rate. When on the life of another the Policy may be rendered secure, notwithstanding the life assured may go out of the limits of Europe without the necessary permission of the Directors having been previously obtained. This plan makes a Policy an absolute security. Credit of half the premiums for the first five years allowed on policies effected for the whole term of life. Advances are made to Assurers on real or undoubted personal security, for terms of years, repayable by instalments.

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GREAT RUSSIAN CHRONOMETERICAL EXHIBITION.—E. J. DENT, 82 Strand, and 33 Cockspur Street, has the high and distinguished honour of stating that his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia has recently condescended to confer on him "the appointment and title of Chronometer-Maker to his Imperial Majesty," as a reward for the unequalled performance of his Chronometers during the Expedition of 1841. In 1845, his Imperial Majesty the Emperor was pleased to reward the performance of Dent's Chronometers with a Gold Medal of the highest Order of Merit.

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The numerous and urgent claims on this Hospital, of unhappy persons in extreme destitution and sickness, compel the Committee of Management to beg assistance from the affluent and humane towards their relief. The doors of this "Free Establishment" are opened night and day for the instant reception of the wretched supplicants, so far as the means of the charity will admit, without "letter of recommendation," or any other form of admission whatever.

The number of in-patients relieved in the last year was 1791; of Out-patients, 27,262.

Contributions are kindly received by most of the London Banks; and at the Hospital, by the Rev. R. C. Packman, the Secretary.

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HENDRIE'S OLD BROWN WINDSOR SOAP, so long celebrated for improvement, retains its superiority as a perfectly mild emollient Soap, highly salutary to the skin, possessing an aromatic and lasting perfume: each Packet is labelled with Perkins's steel plate of Windsor Castle.

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IMPROVED SCOURING SOAP, for removing greasy spots from Silks, ISABELLE MARKING LIME, for Linen, to be used without preparation, 1s. a bottle.

LITERATURE AND ART.

ROYAL COMMISSION OF FINE ARTS.

THE EXHIBITION OF WORKS OF ART IN WESTMINSTER HALL WILL CLOSE ON SATURDAY, the 26th of August.

Exhibitors are requested to send for their Works during the Week following, viz. from the 1st to the 6th of September, inclusive.

C. L. EASTLAKE, Sec.

ROYAL COMMISSION OF FINE ARTS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that a Competition in OIL-PAINTING, which, by an announcement before issued, was to take place in June 1846, is postponed till 1847. All other conditions, expressed in the announcement referred to, remain unaltered.

By command of the Commissioners.

C. L. EASTLAKE, Sec.

ROYAL COMMISSION OF FINE ARTS.

Various applications having been received from Artists, Candidates for employment as FRESCO-PAINTERS, respecting the mode in which specimens of Fresco-Painting may hereafter be submitted to the Commissioners on the Fine Arts, without reference to public Exhibition, NOTICE is hereby given, that such specimens may be sent to Westminster Hall for the purpose aforesaid, from the 1st of March to the 1st of May next, inclusive.

The subjects and Dimensions are left to the choice of the Artists; but those Artists who have not before exhibited Cartoons in Westminster Hall are required to send Specimens of Drawing, together with their Fresco-Paintings.

By command of the Commissioners.

C. L. EASTLAKE, Sec.

Closing of the Present Exhibition.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.

THE GALLERY, with a Selection of PICTURES by ANCIENT MASTERS, and those of the late Sir A. W. CALVERT, R.A., and other deceased British Artists, is open daily from Ten in the Morning till Six in the Evening; and WILL BE CLOSED ON SATURDAY, September 6th.

Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

TO COLLECTORS OF ORIGINAL

PAINTINGS.—Just brought from Italy, and to be disposed of, an exceedingly fine Old Painting of the Apostle SAINT PAUL. The Picture is 4 ft. 2 in. by 3 ft. 2 in., and is in excellent condition. It is well worthy the attention of Connoisseurs. Lowest price, 250 Guineas.

Cards to view may be had of Mr. Smith, Gas Office, King Street, Poplar.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

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